

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VIII.—No. 189. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1900.

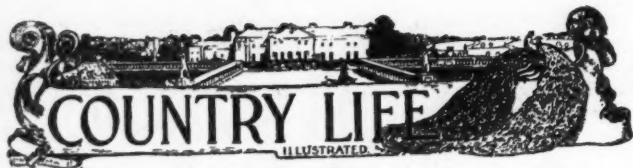
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VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA AND CHILDREN.

53, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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DOG SHOWS AND QUARANTINE.

THIS leading article consists for the most part of extracts from two official documents of high importance, and for the rest of approving comment upon the documents themselves. Mr. W. W. Aspinall, the secretary of the International Kennel Club, favours us with a copy of the letter which has been written by Major Craigie, for Mr. Walter Long, in answer to the deputation which waited on him some little time ago with proposals for the qualified relaxation of the regulations touching the exhibition in Great Britain of imported dogs, regulations which practically forbade the exhibition of such dogs, and were the source of inconvenience and loss to the promoters of shows. Mr. Aspinall writes: "I need scarcely point out to your notice the great value of this concession of the Board of Agriculture, and how grateful owners of high-class

exhibition dogs will be to Mr. Long when they understand what he has done to assist them in International competition."

Now, although we have ourselves done our best to give Mr. Long credit for good intentions, even when we were convinced that he was inclined to perversity in carrying them out, this is by no means the tone in which our correspondents (whose communications have not always attained the dignity of print) have been accustomed to speak of the President of the Board of Agriculture; indeed, during the last few years Mr. Long has probably been the object of more vehement invective, and has reaped less of it, than any other public man in this country, and Mr. Aspinall will no doubt forgive us for congratulating him on the sane, temperate, and appreciative phraseology of his letter. It is worthy of a club which has for patron the Prince of Wales, and for national presidents within the confines of the Empire, the Duke of York (for the United Kingdom), the Duke of Marlborough (England), the Duke of Buccleuch (Scotland), the Earl of Dunraven (Wales), the Marquess of Waterford (Ireland), Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (Canada), Sir Horace Tozer (Queensland), and for Chairman of the Central Committee that most excellent sportsman, Lord Algernon Gordon Lennox. These are, one and all, sensible men—they are not likely to think the phrase too cold—and the words which their secretary uses in their name are worthy of attention.

But our readers must not run away with the impression that after all the trouble which has been taken and after all the tedious regulations which dog owners have been called upon to obey, Mr. Long is disposed to do away with all precautions. On the contrary, the rules for the future will be strict, as is shown by the following extract of the material parts of them, which it is our duty and our pleasure to publish far and wide:

"Where the authorities of a dog show desire that facilities should be granted for the exhibition of dogs brought from Ireland or from abroad, it will be necessary that they should arrange to set apart and reserve a portion of the show-yard for the reception of Irish dogs, and a different portion of the show-yard for the reception of foreign dogs, where the animals can be completely separated from all other dogs within the show-yard and from each other, and arrangements must also be made in the judging-ring so as to render it impossible that either the foreign or the Irish dogs should at any time come in contact with the other dogs in the show-yard or with each other.

"When such arrangements have been made, the Board will be prepared to consider whether the proposals put forward by the authorities of the dog show will meet the requirements of the Board, and, on their being satisfied that this is the case, they will be willing to entertain applications for licences to land dogs for the purpose of being exhibited at the show.

"The conditions of each licence would require that one of the responsible officials of the show should make himself personally liable for any failure to carry out the conditions of the licence during the whole time that the dog is in Great Britain. The licence would be so drawn as to authorise the landing of the dog by this officer, who will be described in the conditions of the licence as the licensee.

"The Board would require, for the purpose of completing the licence, to be informed of:

- (1) The name of the port at which the dog is to be landed.
- (2) The breed and name of the dog; and
- (3) The name of its owner.

"The conditions attaching to the licence would require that the dog should be landed on a given day, and when landed moved forthwith by and in charge of the licensee, or of the person appointed by him in writing for the purpose, in a suitably constructed box or hamper, and by the nearest available route, to the dog show named in the licence, and that the dog should be detained there in a portion of the show-yard specially reserved for foreign or Irish dogs, as the case may be, and not moved therefrom, except for the purpose of being again exported, as provided for in the further conditions of the licence.

"In deference to the wishes you expressed, Mr. Long will, however, be prepared, in the case where a dog is sold, to consider an application by the person who is to become the owner of the dog for a licence to remove it to an isolation station approved by the Board for detention in accordance with the conditions of a licence, Form A., that is to say, for complete isolation at the expense of the owner and at his risk for six months from the date of the landing of the dog in Great Britain, and, when the necessary arrangements have been made by the new owner of the dog, the Board would release the licensee from any further liability under the special licence.

"Whilst being moved or detained in the reserved portion of the show-yard under the conditions of a special licence, it will be necessary that the dog to which the licence refers shall at all times be effectively isolated from all other dogs; but whilst the Board approve generally of the proposals that you have made on this head, they think that the responsibility as to the manner in which this isolation should be effected ought to be left to the secretary of the show.

"The conditions which would govern the return of the dog to Ireland or to the Continent would be similar to those which apply in the case of dogs moved to the show-yard, and the Board would require the signature of the licensee, or the person deputed to act for him during the movement, to a certificate of departure printed on the back of the licence, and it would be further necessary for the licensee to return the licence to the Board on the completion of the movement."

These rules, which we give in full because of their great importance, are, of course, a very long way indeed from being *carte blanche*. To obey them precisely will involve a great deal of trouble for the secretaries of dog shows, and it is pretty clear from the end of Major Craigie's letter that the department does not desire to encourage the exhibition of foreign or Irish dogs, of which we have naturally missed the latter most at British shows. But at worst such exhibition is *not forbidden*, and the trouble will be worth taking in the case of those valuable dogs which are really wanted, and not worth taking in the case of

rubbery animals, which their native countries are very welcome to keep to themselves. We fully expect to see the concessions described as grudging, and under this as under every other law there will no doubt be hard cases. But since frank expression of honest opinion is of the essence of a leading article, we venture to say that Mr. Long, although perhaps he might have conceded a little more, is on the right lines. After his regulations, although, perhaps, not entirely by reason of them, Great Britain is more free from rabies than it has ever been. For Heaven's sake let us support every measure for preserving that happy condition, even if our reason for doing so be merely a selfish desire to avoid in the future the unspeakable trouble of new muzzling orders. Perhaps it ought to be added that the writer's views are prejudiced by the fact that his fancy is for British dogs only.



CONCERNING the progress of the war in South Africa itself there is no startling news, and it becomes more and more plain every day that Mr. Kruger and his friends are resolved to continue a hopeless and wasteful struggle as long as possible. Meanwhile it is not to be denied that the discovery of the plot to kidnap Lord Roberts and to murder a large number of British officers is in the nature of a startling event, which somehow or other has not produced that universal outburst of indignation which it would have been natural to expect. The plot, says Lord Roberts, was "clumsily conceived," and it may be added that the probability of such a plot had long been known to him. He himself makes very light of it; but we do earnestly trust that the ringleaders, having been arrested, will be punished with the utmost severity, that is to say, will be shot or hanged as soon as possible. Up to the present time Lord Roberts has been lenient—perhaps to a fault—in his treatment of the enemy. But that leniency is all the more reason for severity in the case of what may be called "Boer Recidivists."

We are glad to see an increasing tendency to make due allowance for the generals who cannot catch the ingenious De Wet, and each fresh man who returns from the front and gives his impressions of South Africa to his friends, strengthens this tendency to make allowance. It is very hard for us, who live on an island, to realise the immense difficulties of pursuing a mobile foe in a boundless country full of natural strongholds and full of his friends. Perhaps the best way of cultivating sympathy for the British generals in their misfortune is to endeavour to place oneself in their place. Let every man picture to himself some mountain tract in Ireland, Scotland, or Wales which he knows well; let him consider how long, with a very small force, he could defend himself against a much larger force of strangers. Then, perhaps, he will begin to understand.

Two really thrilling columns of newspaper are the result of an interview between the ubiquitous Reuter and one of the officers who has been through the worst of the Kumassi business. It is a story of a splendid march and a timely arrival, of gruesome spectacles, of hard fighting, of semi-starvation, and of more hard fighting and marching; and it is a story redounding to the credit of British officers and soldiers and Hausas alike. Fortunately the Jubilee festivities have caused the word Hausas to be something more than a name to us; and to have seen these stalwart and picturesque soldiers at Chelsea Barracks makes one sympathise with them the more in the grievous losses which they have sustained. The "Bill" is terrible; of less than 3,000 men of the combatant ranks, 105 are dead, 39 missing, and 680 wounded.

In China there is room for strong hope, if not for absolute confidence, that the survivors of the European Legations and their staffs may be saved alive; but beyond that all is dark, and very dark. That ominous word "settlement" is looming in the future, and the question, what is to be done with that huge and

rich portion of the earth with its teeming population, is one which can never be contemplated with complacency. For ourselves we confess we have not the courage to make any suggestion, but one thought comforts us not a little—Lord Salisbury is at the helm.

It is very seldom that we are able to report that amateurs of the motor-car or cycle with two wheels or more have stood up for their rights and have been supported by the magistrate. But the last week has produced two cases. The first was a very simple one. Two stablemen at Putney assaulted a solicitor violently—for no other cause than that he had put up his motor-car in their master's yard, and had paid their master—saying, "Why don't you get a respectable horse and cart?" They blacked his eye, they bruised his shoulder, they bumped his head, and they cut his cheek. And we are bound to say that the fine of 20s. and 2s. costs was not a sufficient punishment for an entirely unprovoked and brutal assault. It was a mistake on the part of Mr. Rose, the magistrate, to give them the option of a fine. The other case comes from North Wales. Sir William Grenville Williams, the brother of the Bishop of Bangor, was proceeding peacefully down a country road when he encountered a traction-engine coming on the wrong side of the road. He requested the driver to take his right side, inasmuch as the surface on the driver's right side was broken. But the driver, relying on the bulk of his machine, declined to budge, and Sir William very properly took out a summons and procured a conviction. All cyclists know that there is a great deal too much of this kind of rudeness on the part of the drivers of heavy vehicles, and they will be grateful to Sir William for taking action. Whether all magistrates would be as willing to listen to just anybody as these magistrates were to listen to a man of position is perhaps another question.

Chess players will regret the death of Dr. Steinitz, the famous chess player. He had had a long career, for he was born so long ago as 1836, and he won the championship of the world in 1866, and held it for many years. Single-handed, blindfolded, and as many handed as you please—for he once played twenty-two games at the same time—he was practically invincible until, in 1894, Lasker got the better of him. The curious may observe that Dr. Steinitz died in an asylum, which, after all, is no great matter for surprise. For our own part, we would rather do the most difficult and intricate work of which we are capable than play chess seriously. And the brain exercise that is called for by chess is of the most severe kind. Still, Steinitz was a wonderful man.

We shall be obliged if Mr. F. Lindsey, who wrote for us an article on "A Thatched Bungalow," will communicate with us, as we have lost his address, and letters addressed to him continue to arrive.

A case of some little interest for all dwellers in the country has quite lately been decided before Judge Gye at Basingstoke. The plaintiff sued defendant, who was a bee-keeper, for part of the value of an old mare stung to death by the bees (why not the whole value is not entirely evident), also for loss of use of part of his field adjoining the premises occupied by the murderous bees, and for the cost of extra labour necessitated by having to move a hayrick to another part of the field, more remote from the busy bee. The judge found for the plaintiff all along the line, laying down the rule that a man is liable for the damage done by his bees. It is a ruling that accords with common-sense, though we have been disrespectful enough of the law's equity to wonder more than once whether it would be in such accord. Bee-keepers who plant their hives close to a public thoroughfare should note this judgment and be careful.

The grouse have had a day of grace this year, the Twelfth coming on a Sunday, and they thoroughly deserved it, for there has hardly been another year in which in Scotland, at all events, they have been so ubiquitously good. Better here and better there they may have been before, taking occasional moors, but never, we think, better all the North Country over. And for all that, after the late spring they are not at all unusually early, so that the day of grace could be cheerfully given. The English grouse are not so universally satisfactory. In Yorkshire we hear that they are "patchy," and on the famous Wemmergill Moors distinctly below the normal mark.

Suspicious as experience has inevitably made us of the value of Royal Commissions, there really does seem a chance that something may come of this Commission on the Salmon Fisheries. The country at large is beginning to awaken to the conviction that the question is an important one, and the Commission is taking itself and its work seriously. It is of good omen that the House of Lords has thrown out the Bill for taking

more water from that glorious but sadly-abused salmon river, the Shannon, of which it is hardly too much to say that Nature made it the finest river in our islands, while our civilisation has utterly ruined it.

A side question that complicates the problem of how to deal with the over-netting at rivers' mouths is the interference with the labour of a large body of men who find in this their chief means of livelihood. We fully believe that it is a sentiment of this kind that keeps so many nets at the mouth of the Spey. And yet it is surely a sentiment of doubtful mercy. As a rule the netsmen are paid largely by commission on results, and this has become beautifully less of late years, so that the trade will hardly afford the minimum living wage if things go on as they do now. And go on they will, while the netting continues. Would it not be true kindness to reduce the nets by degrees, leaving the men by instalments to find other work, rather than reduce the earnings of the whole staff, as they are at present reducing themselves automatically, until they approach the vanishing point? What we do not doubt of the Royal Commission on the salmon fishery is its wisdom. What we do venture to doubt is whether it will have the courage to give strong voice to the opinion to which that wisdom must conduct it—an opinion condemnatory, in some minor measure, of the pollution, the poaching, and the abstraction of water, but by far most emphatically condemnatory of the over-netting, which does greater evil, many times over, than all the rest put together.

The gales and heavy rains of last week did a deal of damage in the country, not only by the flattening of the corn crops beyond all hope of resurrection, but also in the actual breaking of timber. It is not always realised how much greater is the mischief wrought by a summer gale than by the same force of wind in the winter months. The trees in the summer are under full sail, so to speak, with all their foliage set to catch the wind. In winter they are under bare poles, giving the wind comparatively no surface to act on. Moreover, in summer the boughs, especially of the elms, are soft and sappy and more easily broken. The evergreen firs are, of course, exceptions, and winter gales have done great damage to them, as is but too evident over a large area of Scotland, but the summer gales are those that do harm to the trees that shed their leaves.

While discussions rage over the importation of salmon fry into the Thames, and while trout are introduced in numbers that may never repay their cost, the preservation of the coarse fish in the river is a more humble work, but one of unquestioned value, that constantly proceeds. The Henley Fisheries Preservation Society, to judge by its last annual report, is one of those whose work on these lines deserves the blessing of the angler of the Thames. In the neighbourhood of Henley they have given protection to the perch spawn, last season, to the extent that can be covered by something over 1,000 yds. of wire netting, and, in addition, have turned into the river at various points, during the last year, no less than from 3,000 to 4,000 of bream, carp, perch, roach, rudd, and tench, some of the last-named averaging over two pounds in weight. The society is able to record a good season's sport, and to claim the credit of no small share of it for its own exertions.

The idea of the recent show of "Gamekeepers' Dogs," as they are called at the Royal Aquarium, was a very good one. There is a delightful vagueness about the kind of dog thus designated, but its utility qualities are distinct enough. It is just this quality of utility that we should like to see more highly considered on our show benches generally, and less value given to points that cannot be of real importance in work. Often, too, as we have suggested the use of watch-dogs as sentinels in time of war (their employment in the Transvaal would have spared us several "regrettable incidents"), we are especially glad to see that the bull-mastiffs, the night keeper's friends and the night poacher's enemies, are being studied and appreciated by Major Crewe on behalf of the War Office. They are strong, intelligent, faithful, and silent dogs, and trustworthy in distinguishing between friend and foe.

The decision recently arrived at by the Royal Agricultural Society of England to establish its permanent home in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, is the only possible solution of the difficulty which has been agitating the minds of members for many weeks past. In the first place, London, with a population of 6,000,000, is more likely than any other city to be able to supply a good attendance of spectators when once the mind of the public is centred in the show; secondly, the Metropolis is more accessible by rail from all parts of the Kingdom than any other possible site; and, thirdly, the prospects of a week in London during the "Royal" is so likely to exercise a fascination over the minds of the female members of the agriculturists' families, that pressure will doubtless be brought to bear upon him to support the show and to take his wife and daughters up with him to town. Finally, the idea of

a Royal show having for its permanent home any place but the Metropolis is distinctly opposed to the dictates of common-sense.

The lions on the Uganda Railway have no idea of being beaten by the previous record of the two brutes shot by Mr. J. H. Patterson. The latest news is that Mr. Ryall, District Superintendent of Police, was killed by a lion in a railway carriage. As often happens, a lion was sighted from the train. A carriage was detached at the station, because the station master complained that a pair of lions practically besieged him every night. Mr. Ryall and two companions sat up watching in the carriage, which was shunted on to a siding for the night. Apparently all three went to sleep! They were awakened up by the lion, which apparently siezed Mr. Ryall and dragged him out, while one of his companions took refuge in the kitchen of the car (he was unarmed), and the other escaped out of the window! The story shows how utterly fearless these East African lions are of man and his surroundings. Intending passengers and sportsmen on the Uganda Railway should lay these things to heart, and not set up to shoot a lion as if it were a cat.

Nine eggs of the South American ostrich have yielded nine young birds at Tring Park. These birds are now established in several English parks, and the young birds are most interesting and ornamental pets. In France they have bred for many years in a free state at La Patandiere, the property of M. G. Pays-Mellier. This gentleman has the largest collection of acclimatised animals in the world, except that at Woburn. Nearly every non-carnivorous animal, from wapiti stags to wombats have been tried there, and a great number are permanent colonists. An account of the tame wombats—animals which attained some celebrity recently owing to a printer's error ascribing to them powers of flight—appears in the current *Quarterly Review*. One always follows the keeper on his rounds when he goes out to get ant's eggs for his young pheasants. It goes through the village, keeping close to his heels like a sleepy little bear. When he returns, it goes into the kitchen, lies down before the fire, and snores. M. Pays-Mellier says it is well known in the countryside, is very intelligent, though *original et sans façon*.

Otters have always been favourites of ours. The various illustrations of tame otters shown in these pages have exhibited them in many attractive ways. But we have never met or heard of a more delightful little otter than one, of a very rare kind, now in the gardens at Regent's Park. It is a ten-months old Indian otter, of a species called the short-toed otter. The name is misleading, because the feature of its very pretty feet and hands is that it has no claws but hands, "just like a person," as a small child remarked who was shaking hands with it. It has a short, round face, too, and a short, broad tail. It allows itself to be picked up and carried by strangers like a kitten, and curls up and goes to sleep in its keeper's arms. When playing it rolls over on its back, takes the visitor's hand in its paw, draws a finger down to its mouth, and licks it affectionately. It will also put the finger into its mouth and press it to its teeth, just to show how good it is.

Forecasts for the partridge season are very mixed; for the pheasants they are more possible. Where there was no rain in the last week of June the chances for the partridge manors are good. We hear favourable accounts from the Berkshire downs, from Scotland generally, from Norfolk, and from Buckinghamshire. East Suffolk has done badly; very cold nights in May made many birds forsake their nests. In June incessant heavy rain and many thunderstorms destroyed the greater number of young birds on the heavy lands. We should not be surprised at this proving an exceptionally disappointing season, both there and in parts of Essex. But until the corn is cut anything like certainty is impossible. The hay and sanfoin were cut very late and that great source of injury has been absent. Pheasants, once hatched, did very well.

We have encountered recently in Berkshire a game which, with its accompanying words, should be interesting to the folklorists. The parties to the game are the general body of players, the shepherd, one player, and the wolf, another player. The shepherd stands near the home, and the wolf lurks near him. Then proceeds the chanted dialogue, thus:

SHEPHERD: Ship, ship, come 'oam!
SHEEP: Sh-a-a-n't.
SHEPHERD: What 'o!
SHEEP: Wo-ant.
SHEPHERD: The wolf has gone to Devonsheer
And won't be back for seven year;
Ship, ship, come 'oam!

Then, of course, there is a rush and a scurry, and the slow Berkshire voices of the sheep in unison are very taking. Now tradition is more persistent in the games of childhood than in anything else, and, although the "What 'o!" may be an old world phrase horribly vulgarised in these later days, the proper rhyme bears evidence of great antiquity.

THE TRING SHOW.

IT is a remarkable circumstance that one of the most successful agricultural shows in the kingdom should be connected with a town so unimportant as Tring. While many county societies are struggling in deep water, it goes on flourishing year after year, with a growing balance at the banker's. In 1899 the show attracted no fewer than 12,000 visitors, and this year, although held on what was far and away the most inclement day of a bad season, 8,000 people braved the rain for the purpose of witnessing it. Nevertheless, five or six years ago the funds had diminished to £25, and the Tring Agricultural Society seemed to be in a fair way to die of inanition after a life of sixty years. It had been founded in a rather curious way. Farmer Houghton and Farmer Brown, two local men, started it by engaging to show fifty swedes against one another for a wager of a sovereign. It grew from year to year, and then in about fifty years from its birth the society appeared to be approaching its end. However, energetic steps were taken, and it received a new lease of life. On being appealed to, Lord Rothschild generously offered his beautiful park for the exhibition, and ever since has taken a lively interest in it. To his fostering care, and that of his estate agent, Mr. Richardson Carr, and the co-operation of the energetic secretary, Mr. Frank Brown, is due the successful later career of a show which can now offer nearly £2,000 in prizes, and attract such well-known breeders and exhibitors as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Muntz, M.P., Sir Blundell Maple, M.P., Mr. R. W. Hudson, Captain Dunscomb, and many others.

The milking and butter tests at Tring are second to those of no other show in the kingdom, and to the publication of the results and the interest excited in them is attributed the marked improvement in the local dairies. It has been said that you cannot get bad butter within fifteen miles of Tring, and the records made by the competing animals speak for themselves. In one instance the world's record was beaten. This was in the competition between cows of more than 900lb. weight, where CHERRY, a red shorthorn, eight years old, belonging to Mr. Dawe, of Russell Farm, Wendover, gave 67lb. 10oz. of milk, yielding



J. T. Newman.

THE DAIRY TENT.

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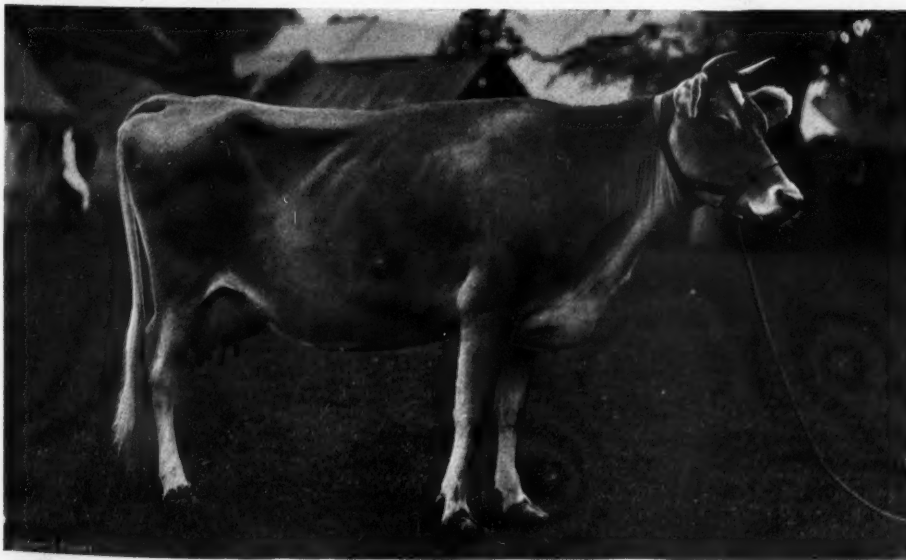
practically confined to Channel Island cows, and the first prize in the butter test was taken by Colonel H. McCalmont's Jersey, FREEDOM. She gave 34lb. 14oz. of milk, yielding 2lb. 10½oz. butter, showing the excellent butter ratio of 13·2. She is ten years old, and has been in milk since July 6. Dr. Watney's Sharab was second. For milk Mrs. McIntosh's Fairy was first, with 51lb. 11oz., and the Duke of Marlborough's Water Lily second, with 47lb. 6oz. Needless to say, the arrangements for conducting these trials were perfect. On the Tuesday the cows were stripped by milkers belonging to Lord Rothschild's estate, and then after 6 p.m. on Wednesday they were milked for the purpose of these trials. As will be seen from our picture, the dairy is worked exclusively by men at these trials. Mr. Ernest Mathews, a first authority on the subject, acted as judge.

Next to the milking competition, the feature of the show that seemed to attract most interest was the trial of sheepdogs. The judge was Mr. R. S. Piggan, and the number of entries for the principal stake was twenty, a record one for the South of England. As usual, the bulk of the competitors hailed from

Wales and the North of England. The first prize was won by J. Barcroft's Brown Bob and Lassie, the second by J. Moses's Old Pink and Gem, the third by W. Akrigg's Laddie and Lady, and the fourth by J. R. Lloyd's Taff and Nell. It was a wonderfully clever exhibition, and though, unfortunately, the rain after midday fell without ceasing, it was attentively followed throughout by a large crowd.

It would be tedious to go over the whole prize list, but just now, when so many shows are in the way of showing deficits, it is certainly worth while to show by a general view the diversity and many points of attraction that explain the success of Tring. There is to begin with, a display of pedigree animals that will compare with that of any of the great shows, as will be evident from the prize list. In Shires the chief winners were such well-known horses as Sir J. B. Maple's Grand Duchess, Mr. Parnell's Rokeby Hypatia, and Sir Walter Gilbey's Fenland Lady.

Among yearlings, first was Mr. Parnell's Lockinge Lord, second the Prince of Wales's Premwilhar, and third Mr. Muntz's Dunsmore Kimberley. In shorthorns, Mr. J. F. Spencer's Mountain Laird was first for cows, and Mr. Landon's Terrick Lad VIII. first among bulls. Mr. C. W. Armitage, Mrs. Greenall, and Mrs. McIntosh carried away the chief awards for Jerseys. As in the cows there was the active practical interest of the milking trials, so in horses there were jumping and driving contests to give the spectators something to look at. Then, in addition to the usual classes for sheep and pigs, a novelty was added for the first time



J. T. Newman.

JERSEY COW, FREEDOM.

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4lb. 4½oz. of butter, and giving a butter ratio, viz., pounds of milk to pounds of butter, of 15·79. At the Dairy Show of 1899 the shorthorn awarded the first prize gave 58lb. 9oz. of milk and 2lb. 14½oz. of butter, giving a butter ratio of 20·15, and the butter ratio of the best Jersey was 16·09. The exceptional merit of Cherry will therefore be evident. In the same class Dr. Watney took the second prize, Viscount Enfield the third, and Mr. Birdseye the fourth, with FLORENCE, shown in our illustration.

The rivalry between cows under 900lb. in weight was



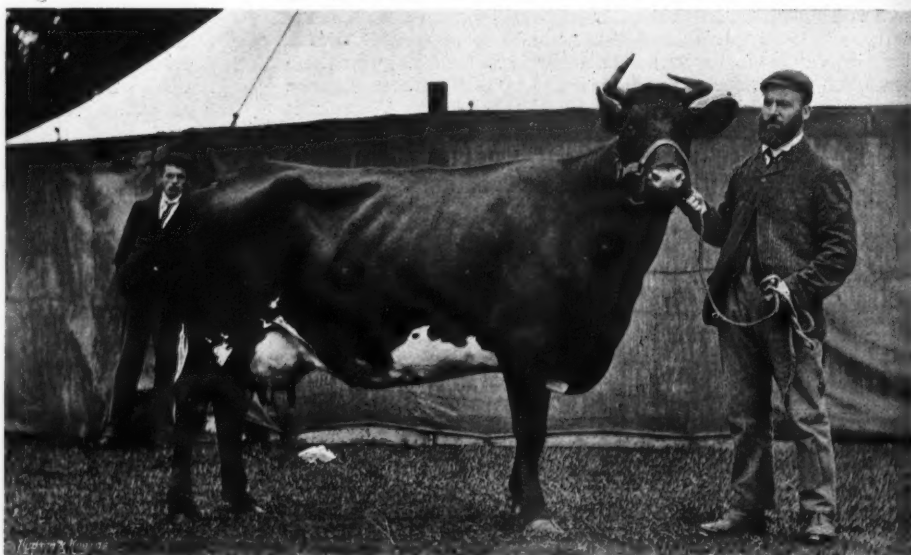
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SHORTHORN COW, CHERRY.

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at Tring in the shape of an exhibition of goats. As seventy-nine entries were made, and the goats shown were the best in the country, this experiment was a pronounced success. As might have been expected, conspicuous among the prize-winners were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Bryan Hook, Mr. H. C. Stephens, M.P., Mr. Woodiwiss, and other equally well-known breeders. Of all livestock, the goat most easily comes within the means of the working classes, and we trust ere long to see milking trials established that will demonstrate to them what an advantage it is to have this economical milker attached to the cottage or the allotment. The awards given to servants in husbandry for prolonged service make a most direct appeal to the wage-earning classes of the community. Some of those who won prizes had been as long as forty, and even fifty, years on the same farm; but, lest the veterans should monopolise attention, there was a class for men under forty, and another for lads under twenty. Faithful human service is surely as deserving of encouragement as points in livestock. A kindred competition was that between shepherds for rearing lambs in the preceding season. It will be noticed that this is similar to what is done at the tenants' shows

home and apply so that it will conduce to his future profit and well-being. No better proof could be given that sound business capacity has gone to the planning and ordering of the various arrangements.



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SHORTHORN COW, FLORENCE.

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ON THE GREEN.

DURING the past week the good people of St. Andrews (and the Lad too, for the matter of that, both the just and the unjust) have been at work on that tournament for the Calcutta Cup which always arouses the interest of the stranger of unlearned but enquiring mind. Such an one will always desire to know what possible connection there can be between two places so remote, in climate so unlike, as Calcutta in the shiny East and St. Andrews in the dour Neuk of Fife. And the surprise of such folks is in no way abated by learning that of all golf clubs south of the Tweed, with the venerable exception of the Blackheath Club, the golf club of Calcutta is the oldest in the world. This is the sort of statement that we only believe because it is incredible. No man, even though he were a golfer, would fabricate so wild-sounding a tale as this.

Art has more regard to the probabilities. Truth does not consider them. The truth in mere detail is that certain good and faithful golfers, finding themselves, by stress of business or profession, in Calcutta, resolved themselves into a Golf Club there long years ago (before England considered golf as anything more serious than "Scotch croquet"), and with pious remembrance of their home and origin kept up an affection for St. Andrews, and testified to it by giving this cup. The conditions under which it is played, by handicap tournament, are not conditions that would have found any favour at St. Andrews at the date of the founding of the Calcutta Club, for at that time and for many years after the handicap competition was an abomination in the eyes of the old Scottish golfer.

They would not even have a handicap sweepstakes with the spring and autumn medals, and in consequence all but some half-dozen of the candidates for the medals went out with no interest in the business in the world. Now there are the sweepstakes and the Calcutta and the Queen Victoria Jubilee Cups—such are the ways of the invading Sassenach.

Bank Holiday weather was not kindly to the golfer this year for the decision of the many competitions that the first Monday in August finds on its programme; but there is not a doubt that this wet summer has made up to us for not a little of the damage that the last two summers of drought have wrought on the arid greens. Even inland we have actually had grass to play on, which is summer golf under new conditions.

People who have putting greens and rabbits thereon are often much exercised by the perseverance of the coney in scraping out again the new bit of turf that has been put in to replace his former scrapings. To them it may be a comfort to hear that this can very easily be prevented by describing a tarred circle—its line need only be an inch wide—round the replaced turf. The rabbits have such an objection to the tar that they will not cross its magic circle.

In about a week's time, or may be more, all sign of the tar is grown over or washed out, and by that time the turf has quite reset, and offers no special attractions to the enterprise of the bunny. It is a means as effectual as it is simple.

As for the actual play in the Calcutta Cup business, we have seen Mr. Spencer Gollan in a final at St. Andrews before now, and know him for a

brave, unperturbed player, one whom the greatness of the occasion does not overwhelm. Mr. Scrutton is one of the younger school, yet one who had had time to prove his quality even before this last event. He had some hard matches to play in this tournament, perhaps his best feat being the beating of Mr. H. G. B. Ellis by a single hole, taking advantage of the one point that Mr. Ellis had to concede.

It is now announced, on what authority we know not, that Taylor will stay in the States long enough to compete in their championship in October.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

LADY CHELSEA, whose portrait is to be seen on our first page with those of her children, is the daughter of the first Baron Alington and the wife of the eldest son and heir of Earl Cadogan, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Chelsea, who sits in Parliament for Bury St. Edmunds (which is near Lord Cadogan's country seat), was at one time Private Secretary to Mr. Arthur Balfour. The town house of Lord and Lady Chelsea is 31A, Green Street.

Photographic Competition.

WE append the results of our recent Photographic Competition, which have not been reached without considerable anxiety and hesitation in choice between a number of very excellent photographs. The first prize goes to Mr. Thomas Taylor, who is, however, run close by Miss Delves Broughton and Mrs. S. D. Pilkington. The case of Miss Ella Tomlinson stands upon a somewhat different footing, for her photographs show a pretty fancy and a dainty wit which sparkles in the apt quotations which she has appended to them. Most reluctantly, however, we came to the conclusion that her choice of subject hardly lay within the strict lines of our competition; we therefore offered to her a special prize for which she had no particular use, and, in choosing an alternative, she has pitched on a year's subscription to COUNTRY LIFE, as to which we have only to say that no better choice could have been made, and that we appreciate the compliment highly.



T. Taylor.

A GROUP OF IRIS.

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PRIZE—FIVE POUNDS.

THOMAS TAYLOR.

SPECIAL PRIZE—One Year's Subscription to "Country Life," on account of titling.

MISS ELLA TOMLINSON.

Highly Commended.

MISS DELVES BROUGHTON.

MRS. S. D. PILKINGTON.

Commended.

Mrs. W. Baker White.
Miss V. M. W. Barnard.
Walter G. Batchelor.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Gillett.

Miss K. H. Hilton.
E. Mitchell.
Miss J. Niblett.
V. T. Paul.
Miss K. D. Pilkington.

Miss J. Spilsbury.

LITERARY NOTES.

ABOUT the time when Mr. Justice Byrne, with whom as a sound and careful leader I was associated once or twice before he rose to the Bench, granted an injunction in "Walter v. Lane," and when the

mass of the Press, for some unknown reason, was indulging in wild hysterics which had no sort of connection with the point at issue, I had the pleasure to meet the defendant, with two other friends whom we had in common. I expressed then, in conversation as well as in print, the firm conviction that the decision would be upheld, as it has been, and that the general character of the case and the meaning of the judgment had been completely misunderstood. Mr. John Murray also, the level-headed head of the Publishers' Association, expressed the same opinion, and he is justified by the result, as I have been.

Misunderstanding of the facts, due in large measure to a speech by Lord Rosebery which produced a wrong impression, is the explanation of the popular view; and the facts themselves are plain enough. Lord Rosebery made sundry speeches, brimful of wit and happy phrase and deep meaning prettily veiled, as his speeches always are, and he made them in public. Mr. Brain, a reporter on the staff of the Times, took shorthand notes of the speech, transcribed them (pruning, no doubt, as reporters always do unless they are official reporters in a Court or before a Commission), and sent them into Printing



T. Taylor.

THE WILD GARDEN AT CROWSLEY PARK.

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House Square. There the sub-editors re-read the transcript, and the speeches were printed and published. Then somebody—I forget his name—cut the reports out of the paper and, with the help of Mr. Lane, produced a book without so much as asking the leave of the *Times*; and Mr. Walter applied for an injunction successfully, and Lord Rosebery made a speech which included a laughing comment on the fact that nobody had so much as suggested that the speaker had any rights in his own spoken words. The world, therefore, jumped to the conclusion that the *Times*, in the mood of the dog in the manger, had interfered with a republication of Lord Rosebery's speeches which had been authorised by Lord Rosebery.

This, as now is made manifest, is the exact reverse of the truth. The *Times* had not been consulted; Lord Rosebery had not been consulted; there had simply been an attempt by C, a third party, to make money by republication of the report produced at considerable expense by B of speeches made by A, the original orator. The *Times*, of course, never dreamed of claiming copyright in Lord Rosebery's speeches, but it did claim copyright in its own reports of those speeches, which were presumably better and more full than those which appeared in other papers, since they were chosen for reproduction. The conductors of the *Times* said, in effect, "We have employed our staff and our money to produce for the public benefit, and our own, reports of these speeches; it is surely a little hard if perfect strangers, to ourselves and to Lord Rosebery, are to be permitted to appropriate the fruits of our labour and expense without so much as saying by your leave." "And, even after the contrary judgment of the Court of Appeal, I was firmly convinced that when Lord Halsbury's shrewd common-sense, and that piercing intellect of Lord Davey, which always reminds me of cold steel, were applied to the problem, the solution would be in harmony with the principles of natural equity. Of these the first prohibits reaping, save in a wild country, where one has not sown."

One saw, too, immediately after the decision of the Court of Appeal, how vast was the field for commandeering which would be opened if that decision stood. "Speeches," said ingenious men one to the other, "are common property when once they have been reported and published. Given a pair of scissors and a paste-pot, and judgment in selection, we can make up volume after volume of them in and out of Parliament, without paying a halfpenny for reporting." And they began to do so, but they will have to stop. Time was when even I should have suffered by this enforcement of just principle. It was once my pleasant lot to report Election Petitions for a law paper. I neither attended, nor was I expected to attend, a single hearing, but cut them all out of the local papers interested which had the longest reports, condensed them (as little as possible, since I was paid by the yard), added a headnote, wrote the word "Held"—and summarised the judgment. It was not a very lucrative task, for law-reporting is paid atrociously as a rule, owing to the multitude of barristers, but that particular money was rather too easily earned. Fortunately for my peace of mind, a great deal of work for very little money also fell to my lot on the same paper; but that would be no consolation to the provincials.

The following passage in the *Academy*, based upon the observations of an American writer, rouses the Philistine spirit in me; but listen to it first: "What is the psychology of a reading craze? What causes scores of thousands of readers to rush for the novels of Miss Fowler, Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Corelli, and Mr. Hall Caine, and then fling them aside, and forget them? What explains the boom of 'Trilby' and the doom of 'Trilby'? An American

writer seeks the aid of scientific phraseology to explain these mysteries? He says: 'Such phenomena indicate an interruption of the action of the higher brain centres, and, in consequence, an undue activity of the lower brain centres'; and he thinks that a diffused hypnotic suggestion is at the bottom of the big sales enjoyed by novels of no lasting merit."

"How else are we to account for the fact that tens of thousands of intelligent readers are found absorbed in books which are destined in a few months to permanent oblivion; that large editions of certain books are delivered to booksellers in advance of any legitimate demand; that a multitude of people accept without hesitation the judgment of newspapers, as to the literary or artistic merit of books, whose opinions on other subjects would have no weight with them at all?"

"Admitting that fiction has its place as a means of literary culture, it would seem that most readers have ceased to exercise any rational choice, and allow themselves to be controlled by their lower brain centres. These crazes of the reading public are incident to an imperfect stage of



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"THOU ART OLD, FATHER WILLIAM."

development. As the higher centres become more highly developed, a rational choice will more effectively control the selection of reading. The literature which has established its claim to permanence will take its true place."

Now, first I object to "forget them" (English) and "permanent oblivion" (American). In spite of the strong prejudice of the *Academy* against Miss Fowler and Miss Cholmondeley, to say nothing of the others, I have no intention of forgetting their books, although I would do so gladly, for the sake of the pleasure of reading them again. But the main protest which it is desired to raise here is against the excessive seriousness of the attitude adopted. We who are ordinary people read novels, as we talk among our friends, for the sake of amusing ourselves, and in total innocence of high motive or a desire for self-improvement. A few of them we place on our shelves, and the characters in them become old friends. If modern books do pass out of memory somewhat quickly, it is mainly because there are so many of them. It was easy to have a fair acquaintance with all the novels of note which had been written in England up to 1870, or thereabouts, but the pace has been too fast since then. As for "rational choice," as the self-appointed champion of the frivolous, I repudiate the suggestion of it. We want to be amused, innocently if possible, but above all things to be amused.

It is on this kind of principle that two books now being issued in parts by Messrs. Newnes are interesting. They are the eleventh part of "Celebrities of the Army," containing excellent coloured portraits of Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft, Major-Generals Pretymann, Barton, and Brabazon, with brief accounts of their careers (that of the last-named being full of variety), and the third part of "China of To-day," profusely illustrated, which gives a vivid idea of Chinese life and society at a time when they are very full of interest. Very interesting too, particularly to boys, is the profusely illustrated second volume of "Under the Union Jack," in connection with the Boer War, issued by the same firm.

As to my "Books to Order," it is necessary to say a word. Earlier issues of *COUNTRY LIFE* have mentioned practically all the best books of the dead season, and save in exceptional cases we have now got very near to the dregs.

Books to order from the library:

"A Gift from the Grave." Edith Wharton. (Murray.)
 "Courtts and Co., Bankes." R. Richardson. (Stock.)
 "Blix: A Love Idyll." Frank Norris. (Richards.)
 "Loch on China." Third Edition. (Murray.)
 "China." R. K. Douglas. (Unwin.)

LOOKER-ON.



E. Tomlinson.

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"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?"



OUR wild sheep were a trifle too wild, so descending from our 10,000ft. altitude, we worked out of the Stein Mountains, and, leaving the land of rocks, snow, and precipice, found ourselves on the hot, waterless plain again, *en route* for the happy hunting grounds in the Sawtooth Range. To reach them we had once more to sample the extraordinary changes of country so common in the Great West. For several days we travelled over arid

sage desert. Water was scarce and bad, and the weather hot and thirsty. One day we were practically lost, but struck water late in the evening. Even then it was so bad that we could not drink it after boiling it. If not drinking is a recipe for health, we must have been some of the healthiest beings on horseback. Early morning and late evening were the only times we found water, and by the time we reached the border of Idaho we were almost dried up. They say the ordinary human body contains 80 per cent. of water. We should probably have come out of a mortar in the form of dry dust. The Idaho frontier

is mainly made by the Snake River, which here twists north, with many tributaries from the mountains running into it. We crossed the elbow of the Snake River, passing north-east of the Snake River Desert, and found ourselves, not without a sense of relief, in Boise City. Here we were in civilisation again, and resolved to spend a few days after our grilling in the desert and before working into the mountains. We rested, read all the old papers we could get hold of, and ate excellent fruit by the pound. What irrigation has done for the Far West, by making first-class fruit grow with only sand, water, and sun to produce it, no one can properly realise till he has been crossing the deserts for a week or so and then tried it himself. The mountains came next, and what mountains! Not barren summits like the Pamirs, where never a tree can grow, or impossible, monstrous ranges like the Himalayas, too big to move among, not dried up like the Andes, and not closed by snow and ice, or made impossible by mosquitoes like the Alaskan Mountains. It is the perfect mountain country of the world for

the sportsman and for the outdoor life. If proof is wanted, look at the condition of the horses, and at the fact that one can and does habitually ride horses among them, whereas most mountains need either mules or are too unsafe for riding animals at all.

"There is any quantity of splendid feed for horses; the rivers are full of trout, or, if you like a change, of char. There are bear in the spruce forests, Rocky Mountain goat (I see one has at last found its way to the Zoo), a few mountain sheep, a few scattered

wapiti, and in some places deer are very plentiful. These are all mule deer. The name was given them from the length of their ears, which is well seen in the photograph of A MULE DEER BUCK. But the fact is they are remarkably fine, handsome deer, of which the bucks carry grand heads. People who think wapiti are the only trophies worth seeking in the West have probably never seen mule deer. They are not often kept in the Zoos in Europe, all of which have specimens of wapiti; and they are not yet acclimatised in English parks like the Japanese deer. If smaller than wapiti, and less graceful than Virginian deer, they are, in the

opinion of some, perhaps the most sporting deer at all common on the American continent. They are shy, and as they usually keep in thick cover, slip off unseen like the bucks in Epping Forest; but they also lie close, and are 'jumped' in the same kind of ground, giving very quick and difficult shots.

"The scenery, and the kind of ground in which sport is had

IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE, will be easily understood from the photograph. Some of the ground is far rougher than that shown here. It took us four days once to go about twenty miles. An old miner told us that even pigeons could not fly down it, but we managed it somehow. Of course there was no riding. We led our horses, or led the pack horses with the riding horses placed between the others.

"THE MIDDLE FORK CANON gives some idea of what the trail is like in difficult ground, and the MIDDLE FORK SALMON RIVER shows the kind of streams flowing down the valleys of the range. We had the bad luck to lose a very good pack pony. The poor little beggar rolled several hundred feet over the rocks, and



A MULE DEER BUCK.



IN THE SAWTOOTH RANGE.

then over a big fallen tree into the river. We had to shoot it the same afternoon, as it was too injured to keep up with the others. A non-sporting way of killing mule deer is to wait at a salt-lick. These places, where saline matter impregnates the earth, are very necessary to the deer, which want salt as much as we do, and the deer are killed by the gun in hiding near the 'lick.' We had one very funny experience of the risks a deer will face to get the much-coveted salt. Scattered all over the Sawtooth Mountains are the still active signs of their volcanic origin, the hot sulphur springs. To these the wapiti and mule deer will come early in the summer mornings, or at night, to lick at the sulphur spray. One day we were camped at the head of a creek called Float Creek. There was a log cabin there, used for about a couple of months in the year by some miners. During the rest of the twelve months it was empty, and as the owners had not arrived, we occupied the hut. In the front of the cabin the miners had rather untidily thrown all the water they had cooked their food in. Now, as everyone who has had to do camp cooking of meat knows, most recipes for plain fare begin with the words, 'take a handful of salt.' The salt is put in the water and settles in the vessels, and this slightly salted water when thrown away as slops had salted the ground in front of the hut. This the deer had found, and smelling the salt had been licking it carefully. The hut had been long empty, and we could see the deer tracks all round, and saw that they had used the spot as a licking place.

"That first night we all slept outside the porch, and I had put a new Winchester rifle by my blankets. I lay awake on purpose just to see whether a deer would come to this 'personally selected' salt-lick. It was a clear, starlight night, but I looked out several times and saw nothing. In front of the cabin were a lot of old tin fruit cans that had been thrown away by the miners. It must have been about midnight when I heard something strike one of the cans and move it. Very quietly I looked up, and there just opposite stood a mule deer buck with his head down, licking the ground. I leant over very carefully and got hold of



PACKING A MULE DEER.



MIDDLE FORK SALMON RIVER.



THE MIDDLE FORK CANON.

my rifle, putting my finger on the trigger as I cocked it. Of course I could not get the sight on him by that light, so I raised the rifle two or three times and then let fly just as I got the end of the barrel well on his shoulder. Bang went the rifle. The buck vanished, and the packer and my brother got up and tried to find the deer, but could not. Just at daybreak I got up and walked some goyds. down the creek. There the buck lay. The bullet had taken him through the bottom of the heart, as we found out later when we cleaned him. He carried a very fine head, though the horns were still in velvet; he was in good condition, and weighed, so far as we could judge, about 200lb. As if this were not enough to stop the deer from coming to their curious salt-lick, opposite a 'front door' by which three men were sleeping, the packer saw five more about 60yds. off looking at the cabin as he was cooking breakfast, and while we were bringing the buck back which I had shot.

"The worst of the real salt-licks is that a lot of rascally skin-hunters come and stay round these springs and slaughter deer and wapiti for weeks at a time for the sake of their hides. And then people wonder why the game goes! [We invite the attention of our American readers to this. If the attention of the editor of *Forest and Stream* were brought to it, we think there might be some chance of the State laws being enforced in this range.—ED. COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.]

"The buck I shot from my blankets was just seven yards from the muzzle of the rifle when I fired. This gives some idea of the risks the deer run for the sake of salt. He must have known that we were lying there, but took his chance."

(To be continued.)

Books of the Day.

ON taking up "The Prison-House," the plain reader is attracted by two obvious merits. The author signs herself Jane Jones simpliciter, not J. Jones, which might tempt one to treat her as a man, but Jane Jones only, and one expects a direct and straightforward book; and the publishers are Messrs. Blackwood, whose imprint is in the nature of a hall-mark. Nor does reading result in disappointment, for, although the book is by no means faultless, since in parts it is overdrawn to the verge of caricature, it is distinctly interesting, and some of the characters obtain a close hold upon one's affections. The characters who matter, that is to say those upon whom the story hinges, are Harold Clay, Eve Hepburn, Roger Horton, and Mary Upton, afterwards Mary Clay. Harold Clay is a young barrister, a ne'er-do-weel, but good-hearted if a trifle impulsive, and at the beginning of the story he has just come unexpectedly into a considerable fortune, with a house in Mayfair. To him enters a flippant young friend Binns, architect and fop, who tells him incidentally that he has seen in Middleshire the loveliest woman on earth, and that near her home is a salmon river. Next day Clay sees through a window, and afterwards rescues from an insolent admirer in Regent's Park, Eve Hepburn, the brilliant daughter of an Irish landlord, who has become a governess; and next morning

again calls Roger Horton, curate of Middleminster, and also the man who ought to have stood in Harold Clay's shoes. Horton is a good fellow, an enthusiast in his profession, but very poor, and he has come to beg £1,000 for charitable purposes, and Harold, instead of repulsing him at once, as he would have done if he had been more accustomed to wealth, agrees to go and stay with him at Middleminster, being moved partly by a kind of idle generosity, partly by thoughts of the salmon river, partly by the memory of the lovely woman of whom Binns had spoken. He goes, and he meets Mary Upton, who is the lovely woman in question and also the daughter of a neighbouring vicar and an almost painfully saintly person. Her family, it must be confessed, are originals; so original, indeed, as to be hardly human. On the appearance of Mary, with whom Roger Horton was desperately in love already, with whom Harold was to fall in love at first sight, our author lavishes much praise, and the description is really somewhat fascinating:

"Harold could scrutinise her at his leisure, for she was most unflatteringly unconscious of his gaze; he could look unchecked at that most exquisite work of Nature, a beautiful young woman. He could hardly tell which struck him most in her face, its beauty or its grave and intense purity—a look that was almost terrifying in its unconscious condemnation. It would have been difficult to paint Mary Upton. There was something intangible about her beauty; it did not merely consist in perfect features, for there were many faces more perfect than hers, nor in marvellous colouring, for there was nothing brilliant about her. Her eyes were large and blue, but Harold had seen finer eyes; it was the rapt look in them which Roger had described that made them



CLIMBING PACK-HORSES.

so different from the eyes of other women. Her fair hair fell in loose curls over her white forehead, but Harold had seen far superior examples of hair; he had seen more classical noses and chins, smaller mouths, and more finely proportioned ovals—and yet he had never seen a face that produced upon him such an impression of rare loveliness. Perhaps it had something to do with her complexion, which Harold acknowledged he had never seen equalled. Alabaster with a flush through it aptly described it. Her skin was not like snow; it had a creamy tint, that in moments of depression or ill-health might degenerate into sallowness, and through this transparent alabaster came and went a rosy flush, a wonderful, indescribable glow like a reflection from sunset clouds, an unpaintable ethereal hue, that was almost unearthly in its loveliness, and would probably fade for ever with the first flush of earthly youth."

After all this it is hardly necessary to say that Harold falls violently in love with Mary Upton and marries her, she believing that she loves him but being really in love with the curate, and that they seeth the kid in the mother's milk by asking the curate to marry them. The marriage is by no means a success. Harold lavishes affection and every kind of comfort upon Mary, but she is too pure, too good, and too saintly for this life; his friends and his sayings shock her; she is a beautiful statue made of polar ice. So they drift apart a little, and then comes a crisis. Harold receives a telegram, quite genuine, to the effect that his mother is ill, and goes away promising to return on Thursday, if possible, and leaving his wife in charge of her brother Henry, the only sensible man in a quite mad family. His mother is not really so very ill, and he returns on Wednesday, meets an old flame of no good repute at Victoria, dines with her, and

goes to the play. In the foyer he passes Mary, who cuts him dead, and then he attends a supper-party and gets drunk, and goes home to find his wife and Henry sitting up for him. Here follows scene the first, and in the morning scene the second. Mary, in spite of Henry's statement that Harold is telling the truth in all probability, believes the whole thing to have been a fraudulent story, and returns to her father. Harold, in his turn, declares that if she leaves him he will cast in his lot with one with whom he finds that he has really been in love. This is Eve Hepburn, now back again in London as the companion and secretary of a rich woman in society of advanced views.

So we have come to the parting of the ways. Eve, returning to her family, finds that she is not quite regarded as the injured saint she had supposed herself to be, and finds also that Roger Horton has practically gone mad for the love of her. Harold writes from Paris that he is perfectly happy with Eve Hepburn, that he is prepared to allow Mary £3,000 a year, and that he hopes she will divorce him. But Mary is too good and too pure to do that, and the result is that Eve is miserable and Harold with her. Then Eve's boy falls ill, and in her despair she vows that if he is spared, which he is, she will leave Harold, which she does not do; and they go out to Australia together to escape a society which knows them and their past. There the boy does really die, Eve believing his death to be retribution for her broken vow, and Eve dies also. As for Roger, he dies mad, after having met Harold and having made a madman's homicidal attack upon him.

In a word, in spite of a good many humorous flashes, this is a piteous and a tragic story; but like most tragedies, it has its lessons, which are worth learning. To be frank, my soul rises in revolt against the Nemesis which falls upon Harold and Eve Hepburn and against the icy saintliness of Mary. Even the most beautiful woman on earth and the most saintly is not entitled to be an iceberg and a wife at the same time; and if she insists on so being, Nemesis, an inseparable element of tragedy, ought to visit her rather than the husband whom she has disappointed. Trying, as I always do, to read a book with sympathy, and to feel towards the characters as I would towards human beings, I fail to feel the smallest share in Mary's sorrows, for it seems to me that she deserved every one of them, and that a person of her nature really could not feel deeply at all. On the other hand, I have the most sincere sympathy with bright Eve Hepburn, and I cannot help regretting that she and Harold had not enough of cheerful philosophy to play the game merrily to the end. This last sentence implies indirectly the strongest praise of the book, for it involves an undesigned confession that these persons who live on the printed page only impress me as being real and human, and so they do; but some of the puppets in the book unfortunately do nothing of the kind, and it is really a duty to enter a protest against the silly unreality of some of the side characters, such as Mrs. de Beaufoy-Dixon, Eve's first employer, and Marmaduke, Mary's foolish brother. Marmaduke, with his platonic affection for parlour-maids, has not a redeeming feature; but Mrs. de Beaufoy-Dixon, who always insisted upon the hyphen because she was remotely connected with an earl, at least serves as a peg on which to hang some clever sayings. One can forgive the existence of an impossible woman who provokes her husband into saying that he wishes she had worse blood and a better temper.

I am almost ashamed at this late date to say anything about Mr. Street's last book, "The Trials of the Bantocks" (Lane), partly because the other idle and irresponsible reviewers, or some of them, have extracted the plums in a very wholesale way. Hundreds and thousands of people, for example, who have never seen the book must have enjoyed in the newspapers the account of the mental agony of the ultra-respectable Russell Bantock when he had to walk down Piccadilly with Lord X. in a frock-coat and a bowler hat. Still, in my keen admiration for the book, a few words must be written, and they may be general words. In this playful satire on the minor troubles of a wealthy, respectable, and correct family, Mr. Street establishes himself finally as the most graceful and polished of our modern satirists in prose. His style is easy and free from affectation; his points are clear and sharp; his wit is genial rather than mordant. In a word, he reminds me more forcibly than any of our contemporaries of that easy-going philosopher who went by the name of Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

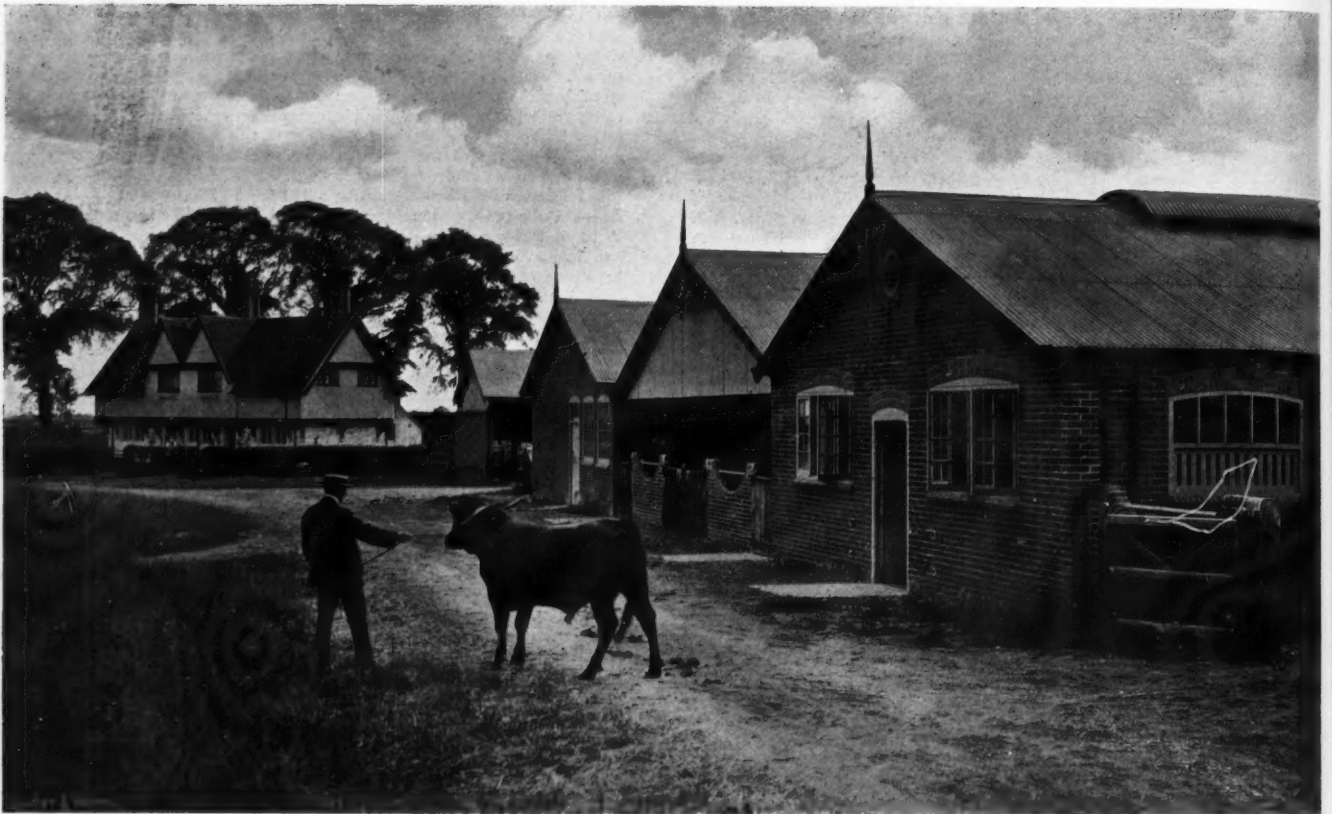
If some writer had not started the untenable theory that Mr. Oliver Onions, the author of "The Compleat Bachelor" (Murray), was Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the book and Mr. Onions would have fared better. These 196 pages contain, mainly in the form of dialogue, a pleasing little story of fashionable life, and a great many clever sayings. Indeed, in the earlier pages the interrupted sentences and the quick leaping of thought from point to point, apparently remote but really coherent, remind one of the "Dolly Dialogues" at their best. Taken as a whole, however, the book is not up to Mr. Anthony Hope's level, but that is not to say that it is not well worth reading, that Mr. Butterfield, the bachelor and narrator, and his sister Carrie, and the gallant soldier Bassishaw, and Millie, whom Butterfield loves in his easy way, and Ted Carmichael, the Eton boy, and Nellie, who is just growing up, are not very delightful people with whom one can spend an hour or two with might, or rather gentle, enjoyment. They may not be the rose, but they are near the rose.

AN ESTATE IN THE MAKING.—I.

THERE is no pleasanter bit of England than that through which the Thames flows after it has left Gloucester. Fertile, diversified with hill and dale, secluded, yet within easy access of town, it combines nearly all the requirements of an ideal district for an estate, and here, about two miles from Marlow Station, and close by "the river of pleasure," Mr. R. W. Hudson has been purchasing land, building houses, and laying out the grounds and homesteads. Medmenham bids fair to be one of the most beautiful and remarkable places in England.

It would take much space to record all he has done. The

restoration of Medmenham Abbey, carried out with perfect taste and skill by Mr. Romaine Walker, deserves a chapter to itself. Mr. Hudson's pedigree stock of Hampshire Down sheep, Aberdeen-Angus cattle, Berkshire pigs, and Shire horses have already won many laurels in the show-yard. Yet the most interesting feature of the estate is the building. Some day, perhaps, we shall say something of the mansion. At present it is the usual wildness of poles and scaffolding, of huts, sheds, hewn and unhewn stones, amid which the mason works out the idea of the architect; and though one can discern the outline of a fine building just beginning to emerge, description may well wait



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BOCKMER FARM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

till the edifice be completed. The cottages, school, and laundry are complete, but they deserve separate treatment. It will be enough for a beginning if we describe a house and a farm.

Mr. Hudson's selection of building material can hardly fail to interest those who know how the cost of mason-work and material has increased during the last decade. He has com-

pletely discarded the ordinary red brick, and indeed if he had used it the effect produced could have been only like that following upon a jerry-builder's efforts to develop a suburban estate, that is to say, a ruin of the landscape by the introduction of glaring villas. He has tried the experiment of using the rock chalk to be found in the neighbourhood, and certainly, whatever may be



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THE AGENT'S HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

its capacity of endurance, its beautiful soft grey colour mingles exquisitely with the surrounding green. The architect and others equally qualified to judge hold that it will last quite well. Chalk was freely used for building in the Middle Ages, and is so now on the Continent. Usually the stone is found low down, at a depth of 60ft. or so, the upper chalk being useless for building purposes, but luckily there is an outcrop of the rock close to the estate. It is somewhat soft on excavation, but is mottled almost like marble, and hardens as the quarry damp dries off.

The agent's house offers a good example of the effect produced by using chalk. It is built on the edge of a hanger—King's Barn Hanging Wood, to wit—and from the balcony out of the hall one looks down King's Barn Valley, the eye travelling over meadow and cornfield to the brim of the river, with its gay and endless procession of boats. On the opposite hill is a wood and a pasture set with pheasant coops, while hidden among the trees is a dairy which supplies Mr. Hudson's family with milk and butter. The scene is very tranquil and secluded, and appeared all the more so because when we were there the time of the singing of birds was over and gone, and the silence, the happy silence, of summer lay on the fields. One could imagine oneself a hundred miles from town, yet Mr. Colin Campbell, the agent, says he can get from his house to Hyde Park Corner in an hour and twenty minutes. The interior of the house is as charming as the outside. It contains a beautiful hall panelled with pitch pine and furnished with an antique fireplace, while the roof is a curious maze of rafters. In the dining-room fireplace may be seen the dainty little tiles



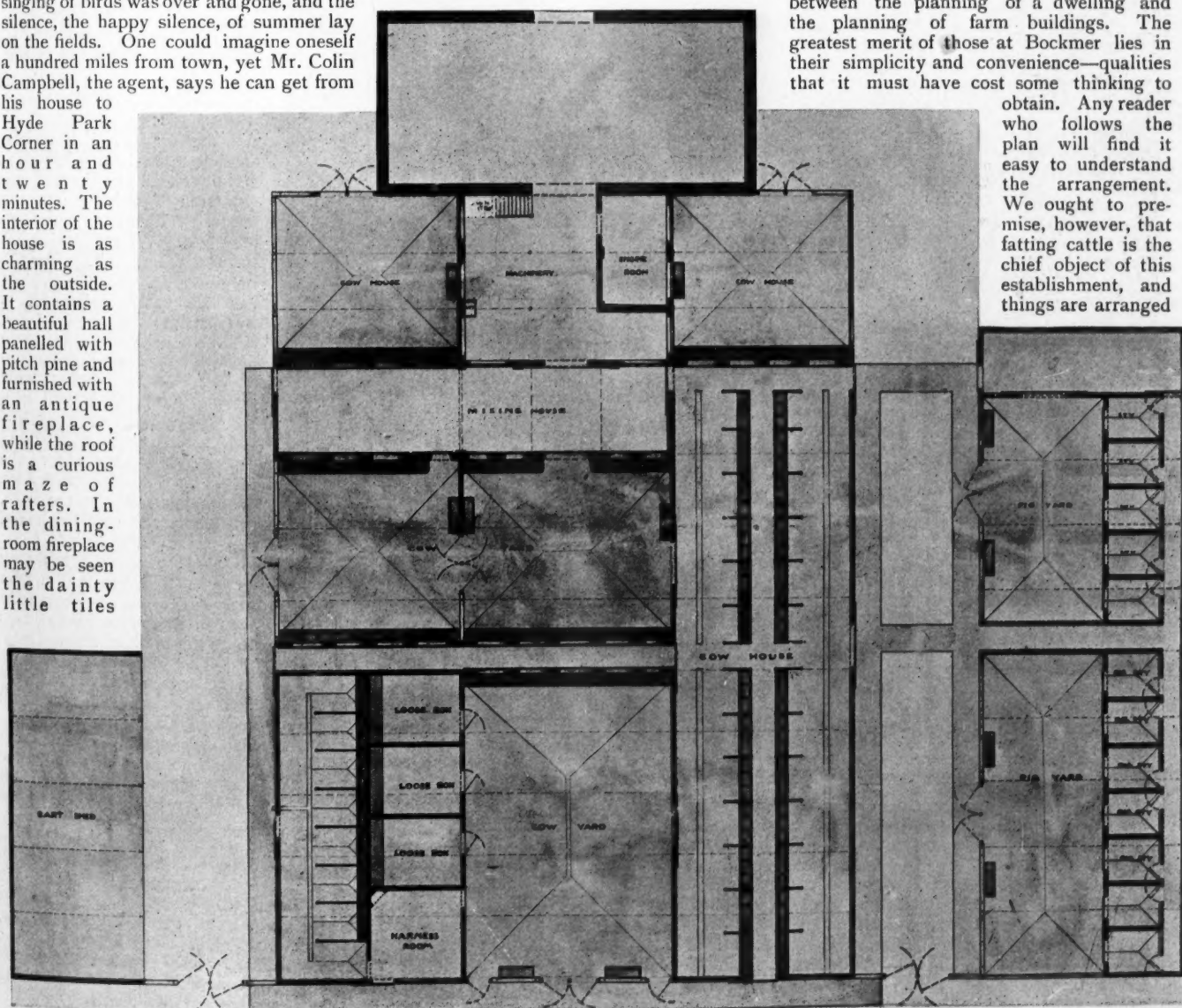
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BOCKMER COTTAGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

manufactured on the estate, their colours blending in harmony with the pale blue hangings. Altogether this little house is most admirable. Needless to say, there is nothing in common between the planning of a dwelling and the planning of farm buildings. The greatest merit of those at Bockmer lies in their simplicity and convenience—qualities that it must have cost some thinking to

obtain. Any reader who follows the plan will find it easy to understand the arrangement. We ought to premise, however, that fattening cattle is the chief object of this establishment, and things are arranged



Kindly lent by

GROUND PLAN OF STEADING, BOCKMER.

Mr. Romaine Walker.

with that end in view. At the time of our visit 150 Devons had just been purchased for the purpose. They were not ordinary store cattle, but bullocks of so much size and flesh that in some places they would have been thought to be already fit for the butcher.

Probably the general reader will feel surprise at the difference in appearance between this steading and the old-fashioned ones that are still too common. A large barn, a granary, and a threshing machine were essentials till twenty years ago, but may almost be dispensed with now. The barn of this place is really the only bit left of the ancient steading. It is a large chalk building with slits in the walls for windows, and great beams supporting the

may be gathered from the following time table drawn up after a chat with the cattle-man. The quantities are approximate, as he varies them to suit individual beasts.

- 6 a.m.—Cake, 4lb. to 5lb.
- 7.30 a.m.—Meal, chaff, and roots, half a bushel.
- 11.30 a.m.—Meal, chaff, and roots, about half a bushel.
- 2.30 p.m.—Cake, same quantity as before.
- 4 p.m.—Meal, chaff, and roots.
- 5 p.m.—Hay.

They need to be watered as well, but that is a very simple process. Every morning, by means of an engine, water is pumped up from a well 250ft. deep into a huge tank, whence it flows

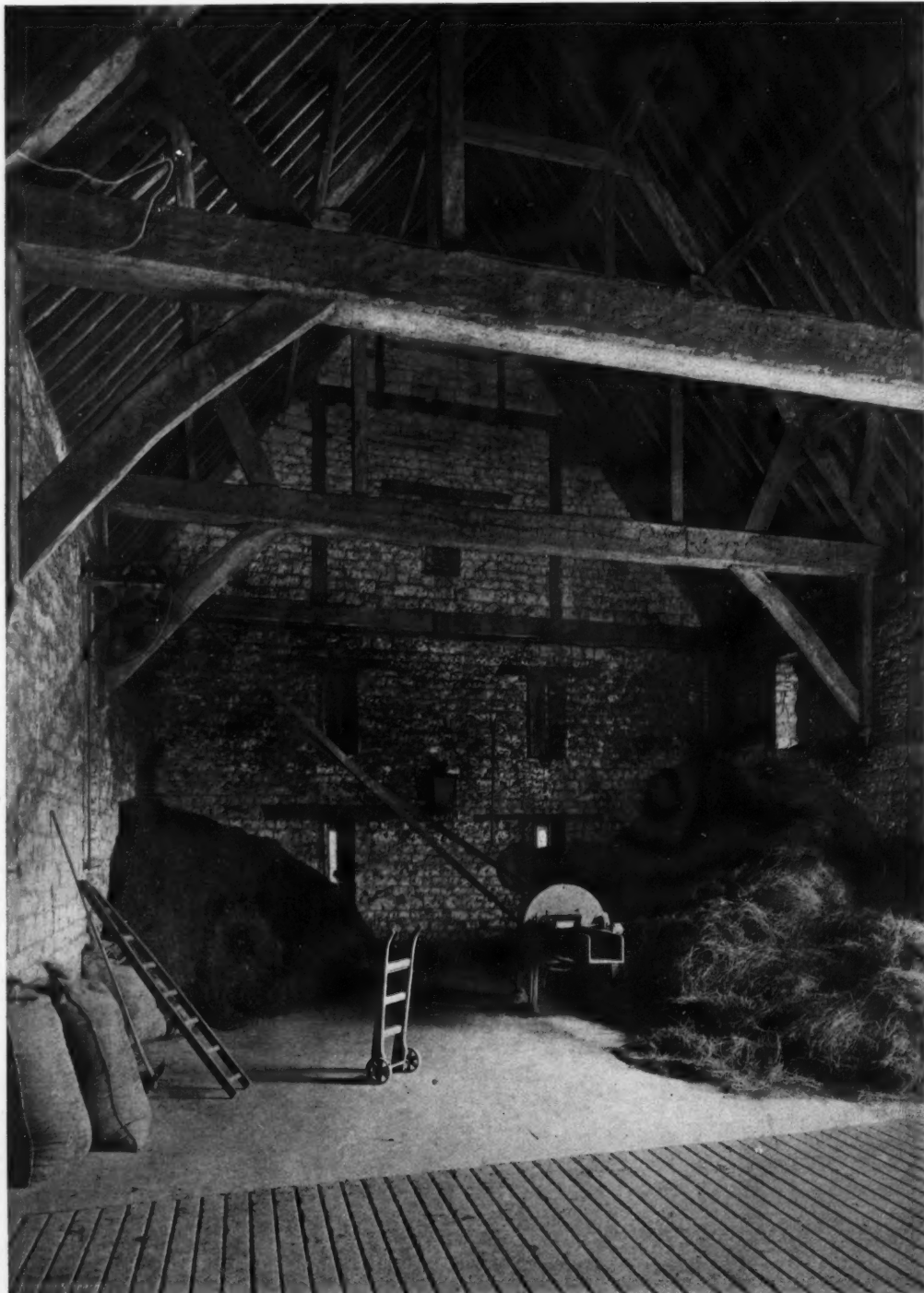
naturally to every part of the building. Each stall has a water trough with a tap of its own, which in the stables is fitted into the bottom, and the water bubbles up, the horse having no opportunity to gnaw at and destroy the tap. Watering therefore involves a minimum of trouble.

It will be noticed that the feeding stalls are arranged in two-parallel lines, and are built for fifty-two cattle, each stall taking two. The beasts stand face to face, with a concrete passage between. All that the cattle-man has to do therefore is to run his truck laden with cake, hay, or chaff along the passage, at every stoppage feeding four beasts, two on each side. Nothing could be simpler. Let us turn and see the back of the stalls. Each animal is securely yet comfortably fastened up with a strong broad leather belt. At a distance of 8ft. from the troughs runs a shallow gutter for carrying off liquid refuse—the coats of the animals showed by their cleanness that the space allowed is ample. Behind them is another concrete passage. In the wall are shuttered openings into the yards. These serve two purposes. When cleaning out the stalls it is enough for the byreman to toss the sewage into the yard, where it is trodden into the manure heap, and he can also bring round his truck and feed the cattle in the yards without ever leaving the building, and with the least movement possible—the feeding troughs being placed conveniently for the purpose. The excellence of the arrangement lies in the barn, machinery room, mixing house, feeding stalls, and yards being all as it were so ingeniously brought together that a man need never take an unnecessary step or return on his footsteps to attend to all of them.

The yards themselves are in accordance with the very latest principles. They are all covered, and this serves a double purpose. First it keeps off the rain, which in an open

yard washes away the best ingredients of manure, and, secondly, it affords shelter to the cattle, which nevertheless enjoy all the advantages of free air, for the sides are open and the wind blows in from several quarters. Being depressed in the middle and having a water-tight floor, the yards retain all the constituents of the manure.

The piggery to the right of the place is constructed on similar principles, and judging from the condition of Mr. Hudson's famous Berkshires, of which we hope to say more in a future article, it answers its purpose most admirably. At the top we have the pig boiling house, containing food and cooking apparatus. From that the attendant passes through a door to the first sty, and the others are in a line, so that a single journey



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INTERIOR OF GREAT BARN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

roof. Local tradition ascribes the age of a century to it, and its spacious lines seem to tell of war prices and wheat fever. Hay and other feeding-stuffs are now stocked in it, and the chaff-cutter stands there. From it we pass to the machinery house. The crushing-mills, a grinding-mill, and a cake-breaker are on the second storey. Since the cake and grain are carried up on a hoist which delivers the ground stuff on the first floor, it will be evident that this is a labour-saving arrangement. The same characteristics may be noted throughout. To feed a large number of cattle expeditiously and economically is a difficult problem at the best, and on a great number, one might safely say a majority, of farms it is simply impossible. What is entailed

suffices for the feeding. Each sty is fitted with Bailey Denton's patent trough, the chief merit of which is that when the flap-door is thrust back it shuts off the pig so that the man can fill the trough without disturbance. Each set of sties has a large pig-yard at the back, wherein the grunTERS root about happily "when so disposed," as Sairy Gamp might say.

The same attention to concentration and convenience is to be noticed in the stabling to the left of the plan, the loose boxes, stalls, and cart sheds all being constructed according to the very latest ideas. But, of course, they are for the ordinary working horses of the farm, not the pedigree Shires.

Even from this brief and inadequate description the difference will be manifest between up-to-date farm buildings and those which served the purpose in earlier decades of the century. Similar changes are necessary on the part of all who would make farming profitable. Times have altered in at least three respects. Profits have diminished to such an extent that the adoption of the most economical methods has become an absolute necessity. Labour is no longer as cheap and plentiful as it was in days of yore, when the employment of an extra hand or two was not a matter that it was necessary to give a thought to. Finally, the farm servant of to-day has come to dislike the very hard labour which was compulsory before the invention of machinery. It is a matter of notoriety that he will not stay where it has to be faced. The new style also makes a revolution in economic conditions. Wheat is no longer the stand by it once was, and the disappearance of barn and granary has a metaphorical as well as a literal meaning—it signifies that the farmer must now depend on his live stock. How long these conditions will endure must to a large extent be a matter of speculation. There are many shrewd men who believe that they already see indications of a coming change as important as that from arable to pastoral farming.



WALLS FOR TEA ROSES.

A CORRESPONDENT says in a letter dealing with Tea Roses, "Every advantage should be taken of walls and close-boarded fences for the Tea Roses. Unless the walls are very high, do not plant the usual so-called climbing kinds. The strongest dwarf-growing varieties are the most satisfactory. Trench the ground and plant in the autumn, pruning only sparingly. Thoroughly soak the plants at the root occasionally with water. Twelve very beautiful kinds for this purpose are Anna Olivier, Mme. Hoste, Comtesse de Nadailac, Niphotos, Mme. de Watteville, The Bride, Bridesmaid, Maman Cochet, Marie Van Houtte, Mme. Charles, Mme. Lambard, and Mlle. Abel Chateau."

RECENT NEW PLANTS.

Nymphaea Marliacea rubra punctata.—This is a hybrid of great beauty. It was one of the kinds shown by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and given a first-class certificate. The flowers are not quite so large as those of some of the Marliacea group, but very charming in shape and brilliant in colour, the segments a warm, ruby crimson, which is relieved by orange stamens. Of course, it is quite hardy, and very free, the flowers like floating rubies when seen in midday. This year the *Nymphaeas* are remarkably fine, owing to the brilliant sunshine, and such intense colours as revealed by this hybrid have been displayed to advantage.

Nymphaea sanguinea.—This is another recent hybrid of wonderful colour, a deep glowing blood red, shading to paler tones towards the outer segments. The flower is of quite a pretty starr shape, and the orange stamens are less in evidence than in *rubra punctata*. A very beautiful *Nymphaea* for the margin of a pool, and even, we should think, a small tank. Mr. Rothschild also exhibited this at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and was given an award of merit.

Tuberous Begonia S. T. Wright.—So many new Tuberous Begonias appear that it is impossible to record even all those that receive special distinction at meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society. This variety, however, shown lately by Messrs. Ware and Co. of Tottenham, is quite a departure. It is double, but not of the high crown order, the flowers loose, with broad back segments, and the whole like some very charming Rose, and self apricot in colour, a peculiarly clear and charming shade.

Delphinium Blue Butterfly.—Annual flowers are not overrated. Amateur gardeners have yet to find out their true worth for massing and associating with other things. We were pleased to notice lately a new annual *Delphinium*, named *Blue Butterfly*, a somewhat dwarf plant, but not too much so, and the flowers are clear blue, like the blue of the Gentian. This was shown by Messrs. Carter and Co. of High Holborn.

FLOWERING OF THE YUCCAS.

The wealth of bloom upon the *Yuccas* is one of the phenomena of the summer. In many places whole groups are in full bloom, and when thus displayed we realise the value of this noble evergreen, with its greyish glaucous leaves, ornamental at all times. At Kew *Y. recurvifolia* has flowered magnificently, but one may say as much of the whole genus. This abnormal blossoming is the outcome of hot autumns. The plants have become thoroughly ripened up, as the gardeners say, and burst forth into blossom, so profuse and beautiful that we wish this were an annual revelation.

MR. BENJAMIN CANT.

We are sorry to know that Mr. Benjamin Cant, one of England's greatest Rose growers, has crossed the silent stream. A fine cricketer and finer rosarian, he was held in respect by everyone privileged to spend happy hours with him in his nursery and listen to his tales of victories won in the bloodless tournament of flowers, into which he entered with zest and success for many years. Mr. Cant was the first winner of the great challenge trophy of the National Rose Society, first offered in the year 1881, and he held the pride of place for the two succeeding years. Although not a great raiser of new Roses, he gave to the world that brilliant crimson seedling Prince Arthur, which still remains one of the most beautiful of its colour. But he will be remembered ever by his introduction in 1854 of Gloire de Dijon, prince of roses, General Jacquemont, and Jules Margottin, flowers known the world over, from the palace to the cottage. Who does not know the "Old Glory," as the cottager calls the Rose that tumbles over the cottage porch, mounts up the chimney-stacks, and thrusts its blossom-laden shoots into the latticed window, or the General Jacquemont, that brilliant crimson Rose, perfume filled, and so hardy and free that it may be grown in many ways and in many forms.

PRATIA ANGULATA.

This is a delightful mossy plant little known in gardens; it is as pretty as the Balearic Sandwort (*Arenaria balearica*), the mossy growth spangled through the summer with pure white flowers. The writer noticed it a few days ago in Mr. G. F. Wilson's garden at Wisley, where it had grown over a mossy path and spread in cool recesses amongst the shrubs, little paths of verdure, white with flowers, as if tiny snowflakes had settled there. It is quite an interesting plant for cool soils and half shade. In the full sun these things are quickly burnt up.

THE KENTISH RED CHERRY.

In an interesting note to the *Garden*, Mr. George Bunyard, of Maidstone, makes mention of this fine Cherry. He states that it is not grown so much as it deserves. "It makes a close compact standard tree, and being similar in growth to the Morello, it will not shade the under crops as other Cherries do, as the leaf is small and the boughs open. It is also worthy of a wall, and makes a pretty compact pyramidal tree which requires little pruning. For many years it has been largely planted, mostly on the outskirts of Cherry orchards, as its growth does not then interfere with the hedges or hang over the next property, as the larger-growing kinds would, and it also seems to break the wind and protect the other kinds. It is comparatively short-lived, and after about forty years the larger boughs decay; but when cut back and regulated the stumps shoot out freely, and then bear for another twenty years. They begin to bear the third year after planting. It is probably a variety of the Montmorency as grown in France, which is there used for candying and drying, and in olden times every Kentish housewife had her store of 'Kentish Reds' kept for dessert on special occasions. They were placed in the oven the night after baking day, in the old-fashioned baker's oven heated by wood ashes, and the process was repeated a week later until they were sufficiently dry to store but not hardened, and very delicious they were. A ready way was to place them on basket lids and turn them once or twice by hand. But it is as an addition to a Raspberry and Currant tart that they are appreciated, as also alone in a pudding (made in a basin) and served with cream, and even more delicious as jam, being entirely free from that dusty taste which Morellos have when cooked. Every visitor is loud in praise of our Cherry jam. A pound and a-half of sugar to one pound of fruit is ample, but if a sweetmeat is desired more can be added. The Flemish differs from this in being rather later, with a shorter stalk. A peculiarity of these Red Cherries is that when ripe the stone adheres to the stalk and can be pulled out when preparing for cooking."

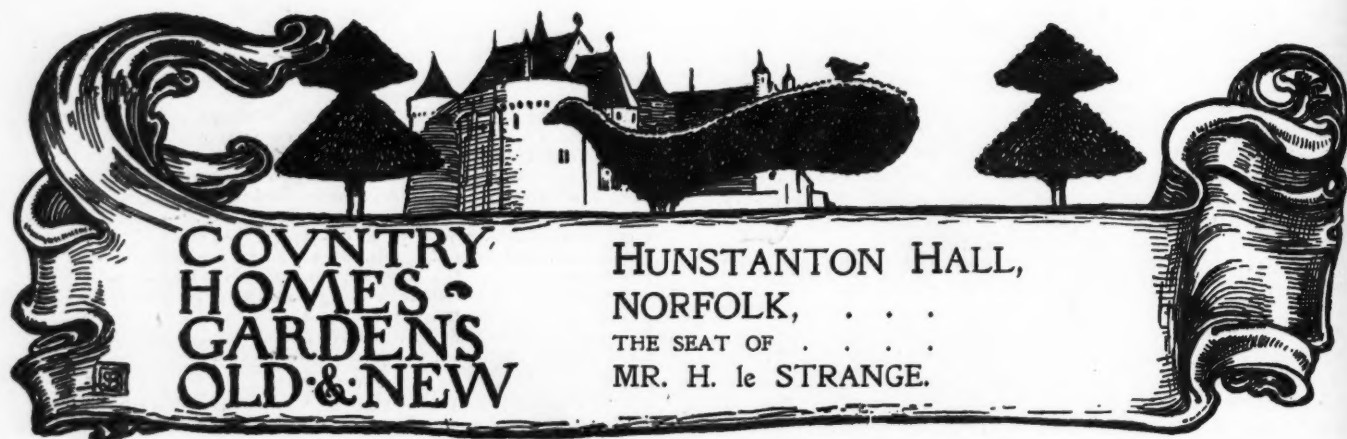
ERIOGONUM UMBELLATUM.

S. R. writes: "Comparatively few of the *Eriogonums* are grown in our British gardens, but so far as one can see this species is as frequently met with as others. Not that any are common, for although there are about 100 species in existence in North America, only some four or five are to be found in cultivation in this country. *E. umbellatum* is so distinct in its way from most other rock-garden plants that it is unfortunate that it blooms so shyly in many gardens as to be but little appreciated. It would be a good thing could we find out the cause of this, although personally I have no reason to complain of the way in which my small plant flowers. I saw, however, a very fine plant lately, covering several square feet of a rockery and looking very pretty with its rather shining, though tomentose green foliage, but which bloomed very sparsely, there being only three or four heads of bloom upon it. It formed a pretty mound of green, but the absence of its yellowish flowers deprived it of much of its character. It appears to me to be a plant which delights to grow between rocks and to do best when tightly jammed into crevices so that it cannot produce so many leaves, and is thus led into forming flowers. One entertains no doubt of its hardness, but an increased display of flowers in some gardens would be a decided advantage."

A GOOD VARIETY OF THE COMMON THYME (THYMUS SERPYLLUM LANUGINOSUS).

A correspondent writes: "One finds that a good number of people appreciate this variety of the common Thyme, and that it is becoming increasingly grown by owners of rock gardens for carpeting vacant spaces or for covering stones. It is not a free flowerer as a rule, and one may see it very frequently without observing any bloom upon even a large plant. It is not generally known, however, that there are two varieties, one of which produces flowers with considerable freedom, while the other is almost flowerless in the same gardens. I was unaware of this myself until I met with it recently in some Edinburgh gardens. In that of Mr. Alexander Cowan, at Woodslee, Penicuik, there were nice plants of both varieties. It is something to know that there are two forms, as both have their uses. I do not think that these two varieties are recognised as distinct by those in the trade, and they might do well to keep them apart. A mass of *Thymus lanuginosus*, with its grey, woolly-looking foliage, is of pleasing effect in any rock garden. I believe that some few find it difficult to keep in winters when there is both cold and wet, but here, although the season is not so dry as in some localities, it gives no trouble in this respect."

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Trees, Shrubs, Herbaceous Plants, and Flower Seeds: Smith and Menzel, Aldgate, South Australia. Bulbs: T. Methven and Sons, 15, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Cooper, Taber, and Co., Southwark Street, London, S.E.; J. R. Pearson and Sons, Chilwell Nurseries, Loughborough, Notts. Strawberries and Small Fruits: Laxton Bros., Bedford. Bulbs and Roots for Early Forcing: William Cutbush and Son, Highgate and Barnet.

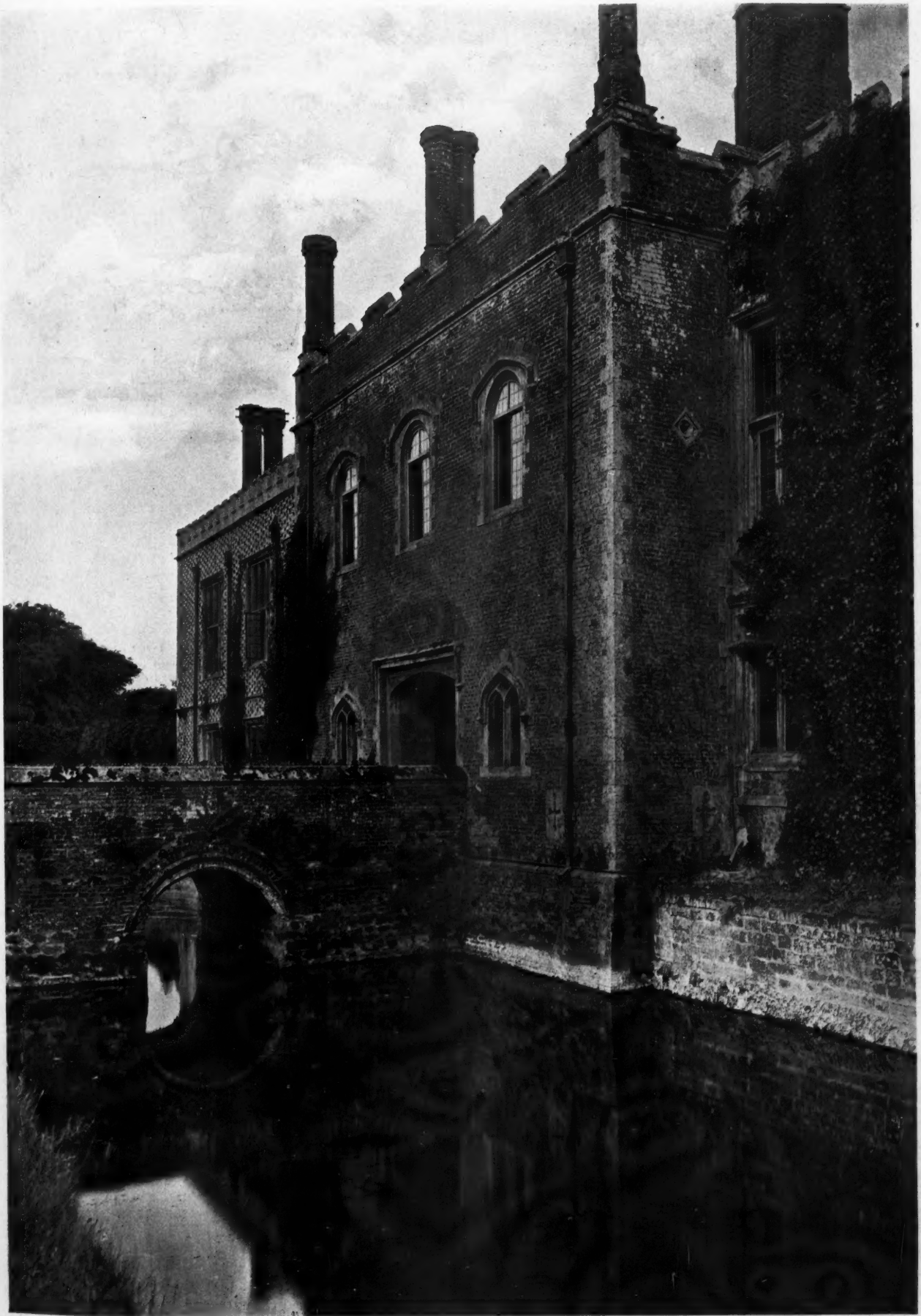


HUNSTANTON HALL, though of considerable antiquity, occupies the site of a much older building. In the course of the reconstruction following on the disastrous fire of 1853, which swept away the great hall and staircase and about twenty of the finest rooms, it was discovered that the plinth was composed of stones turned inside out, bearing on their inner faces thirteenth century, and in some cases Norman, mouldings. There is nothing remarkable, it is true, in finding a Tudor mansion erected on the ground formerly occupied by an older building; the remarkable fact in this case is the erection of mansions on the same site during eight centuries by the lineal descendants of the warrior who received his lands at the hand of the Norman Conqueror. How far the present demesne to Hunstanton was the dowry of a Saxon heiress who, forcibly or freely, was wedded to this stout soldier, is a matter of dispute among antiquaries; but that a le Strange of Norman times married the daughter of a great Saxon house there is no doubt. In the days of the first Henry, at all events, we find one "Roland Extraneus" the first witness to a deed which contains a grant to the Norfolk Priory of Castle Acre. The name

itself tells of the advent of some "stranger," and the "Roland" is intensely Norman, recalling the great *chanson de geste* which Taillefer chanted as he rode at the head of William's chivalry against the Saxon lines. The le Stranges still enjoy certain quaint antiquated privileges dating from those remote days, most of which, in other parts of England, have long since died out with the original grantees. They are still lords of the foreshore for nearly twelve miles, with the rights of wreckage, and flotsam and jetsam. One of the strangest of these survivals is bound up with the overlordship of the Hundred of Smithdon, which involves a right of "free-warren" over the whole Hundred. This right was exercised as late as the early years of the nineteenth century, when the grandfather of the present Mr. le Strange, after giving notice to Lord Cholmondeley of his intentions, rode over to Houghton, ten miles away, shot a brace of pheasants, and returned with them to Hunstanton. Such links with the past, even among our greatest houses, are now far to seek. These favours, won seven centuries ago, were no mere concessions flung to Court favourites, but the rewards of loyal service rendered to their royal masters. "For three long-lived and successive generations, the heads of this house



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THE GATE-HOUSE.

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FROM THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

were indefinitely trusted by contemporary kings. For the same period no le Strange ever betrayed such trust, or was suspected of betraying it." Thus writes the excellent Eyton in the "Antiquities of Shropshire," and throughout subsequent centuries their record has remained the same. Even the luckless and unattractive John saw the contemporary le Strange true to his cause, and a more famous scion of the house, Roger, was not

afraid to beard the great Protector himself after the death of the unhappy Charles. As a rare instance of historic justice, loyalty has left the le Stranges of this century in the possession of the ancestral estates at Hunstanton which they have held, with one lapse into the female line in 1760, from such remote antiquity, and a shield of 130 quarterings links them with English history on every side.

The fire of 1853 already referred to bereft the house itself of more than half its wealth of historic and artistic interest. Fortunately the family portraits were saved, and the muniment room is intact, as is a considerable portion of the buildings which date from the time of Henry VII. and the earlier Stuarts. The family archives stored in the muniment room will carry the investigator back to the days of the early Plantagenets and Henry Fitz-Empress. Here, too, is a curious volume of accounts kept by a lady of the house, Ann, daughter of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, herself fourth in descent from John of Gaunt, giving a minute statement of her lord's expenses at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Above the muniment room, hard by the principal entrance, is a chamber still called the "priest's room," with an oratory and aumbry, and some exquisite panelling. The early oak panelling in an adjacent room, now used



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THE BACK MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as a china cupboard, is hardly equalled in any house in the country. The drawing-room, another fine example of panelling, contains portraits of every holder of the estate from the days of Sir Thomas, who was esquire of the body to Henry VIII. There are two portraits of Sir Thomas in the hall, both by Holbein, and one at Windsor. His great-grandson, Sir Hamon, was the first to announce to James I. his accession to the English throne. There is a strange contemporary painting in the library, representing this enterprising courtier and his friend Sir Robert Carey spurring to Edinburgh on this errand, Carey being disguised as le Strange's body-servant to escape detection on the road. The fine Jacobean gateway by Inigo Jones, bearing date 1618, is all that remains of the principal side of the quadrangle which perished in the fire. The catastrophe may be, and must be, regretted from the antiquarian point of view, but, as has happened before, this is one of the cases in which the blending of the old and the new is most happy, and vegetation gives its help. When the roses which clothe the western side are in blossom, it forms a singularly beautiful approach to the gardens.

The house itself stands on an island, for the moat runs all round it. On two sides it is only a rivulet, but at the back, between the main slopes of the gardens and the mansion itself, it broadens out into a stately basin, fit for the habitation of pike immemorial and obese as the carp of Fontainebleau, and on the north it forms a charming stretch of rustic water scenery, overhung in the summer with foliage, with a glimpse of quaint gables at the end.



Copyright

THE OCTAGON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

All along the back of the house runs a broad terrace, which catches every ray of the midday and afternoon sun, sometimes a precious possession in the climate of northern Norfolk, and below it, facing the main basin of the moat, is a "trim garden set with beds," which are a blaze of colour in the summer-time. But those who prefer the wilder flowers of the mixed border must seek them in the neighbourhood of the rose garden and the tennis lawn, which lie looking towards the old red brick façade of the southern side of the house. From beyond the moat, and facing the terrace, rises a broad walk of turf, giving a long vista which terminates in the trees of the park at the end. The greater portion of these gardens is the creation of later years.



Copyright

THE YEW WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



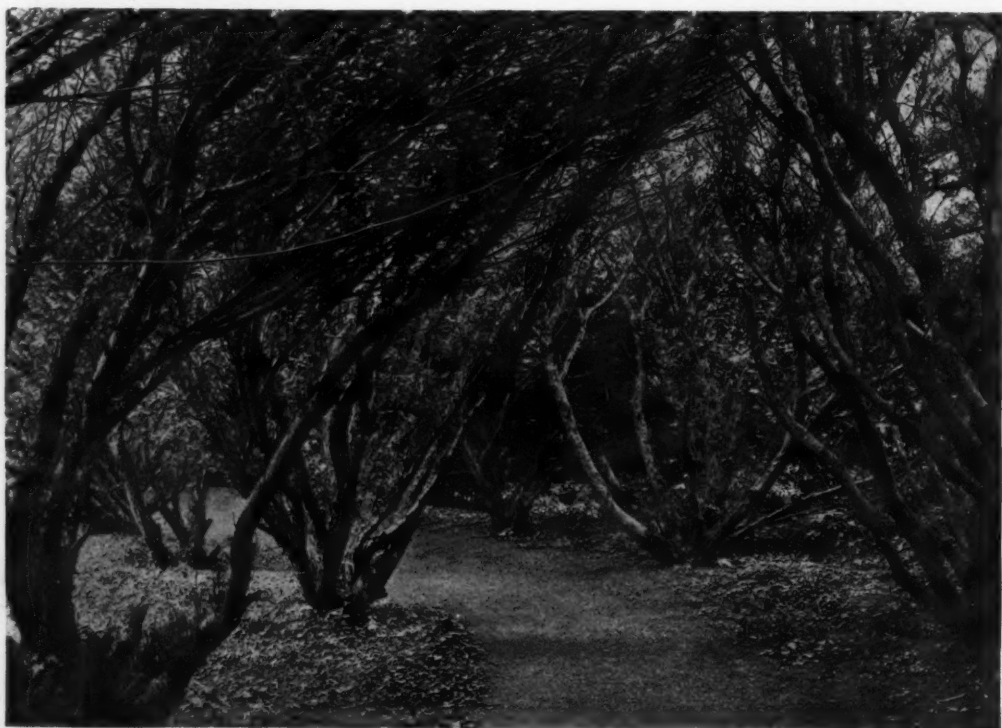
Copyright

THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

About sixty years ago the moat was widened, and the soil was utilised to make the slopes of the new garden. There does not seem to have been much attempt made to pander to the fashionable craze of the day for "landscape" gardening, which wrought such havoc in the environs of some historic houses. The new gardens were arranged to harmonise with the older portions.

The stiff Italian character of the parts immediately surrounding the Hall has been preserved. The small garden planted with dahlias, which lies at the southern end of the moat, is surrounded by herbaceous borders, which break into varied colours in the early summer, and in one corner is a rustic summer-house.



Copyright

UNDER THE YEWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The lower part of the broad walk facing the house is bordered by holly hedges, and terminates in two brick pillars surmounted by large stone balls, where, before the enlargement of the grounds, there was evidently a gateway. The walk is continued by grass slopes and a flight of stone steps to the extreme limit of the gardens, but it is lined for some distance by borders of annuals, which offer a fine mass of colour in summer when looking up from the house. In the distance the yew and holly reappear, forming an effective background of darker shades. Behind these flowering borders on either side lies the kitchen garden, not visible from the house, but well exposed to the southern sun. The kitchen garden is enclosed by yew hedges, and behind these run shady walks through wild groves of oak and pine parallel to the great central alley. We

must not omit to mention a very remarkable avenue which cuts the long walk at right angles almost at the highest point of the garden. This alley of stately, tapering Irish yews, planted at regular intervals and extraordinarily symmetrical in height and shape, was laid out by the father of the present Mr. le Strange, and is entirely Italian in feeling and arrangement. Wandering here one might well believe oneself transported to the shades of those Florentine villas where Lorenzo de Medici strolled with Politian and kindred spirits. Several specimens of firs have been cultivated in this garden with great success. There is a Pinsapo of quite extraordinary size and bushy development which could hardly be matched on the southern side of the Pyrenees. In contradistinction to the yew avenue which has been mentioned above as purely Italian in conception, there is a walk beneath immemorial yews straggling in native luxuriance, which is as

distinctive and uncommon in its own way as that more stiff and stately promenade.

The le Strange "Household Books" contain some quaint references to gardening customs in Tudor days, and undoubtedly the lower parts of the existing grounds at Hunstanton may be referred to that period. We find one entry on March 26th, 1536, that "one ounce of saffron cost 8d., and old saffron 12d. the ounce," showing that this distinctive and lucrative production of the eastern counties was cultivated at Hunstanton at the time; and one of four years later that the parson of Titteshall sent to the squire of Hunstanton a present of pears and apples, his boy receiving a penny for bringing them, and that on some other occasion "wenches" from the same parish brought him red roses. In the present stage of development of the Hunstanton gardens such gifts would be well-nigh superfluous, but in the sixteenth century they were clearly somewhat in the nature of tribute from a distant portion of the estates. It is curious to note in this connection, that in Plantagenet days it was by the offering of a rose on St. John's Day that the feoffee of Hunstanton held his estates from the then head of the house, who lived at Knockin, in Shropshire. The family records contain many interesting passages throwing light on country life in the past. On and off hounds have always been kept at Hunstanton, and at the present time a pack of small beagles is flourishing there. The following extract from some "Notes for my son's profit," drawn up by Sir Nicholas le Strange in 1670, is curious, and is not without its application to-day. "I still kept my hounds, and hunted sometimes in my own fields when leisure best served,



Copyright

THE GREEN WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

my time beginning to be more employed in country business, having my great farm at Heacham and another at Sedgford in hand, and the lowness of prices of corn, lamb, and wool not inviting my tenants to undertake so great concerns. Appoyntments for hunting and keeping to sett dayes I never cared for, the former brought in all sorts of company, and the latter is in effect keeping hounds for other people's diversion more than your owne, youre time being thereby bound up, so as you are not master of your own sport without ye inconvenience of disappoynting, and thereby disobliging others. Besides, my usual custom was to goe out very early of mornings, whereby I had the advantage of fresh trayles, and sport enough to return home by noon."



Copyright

THE OLD PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



Copyright

THE SQUARE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The park, no less than the gardens, has its place in the story of a remarkable race. The house itself lies low, as do most of the mansions built where comfort superseded defence as the first object aimed at by the architect. The thickly-wooded park rises all round, and perhaps looks its fairest when it is filled with an almost unequalled wealth of white thorn. Ten years ago there stood, on the highest point of the hill in the centre of the largest wood in the park, an old house built early in 1600, and formerly used as a park-keeper's lodge. This contained magnificent panelling, which vied with that already mentioned as existing in the hall. Unhappily fire swept it away in 1889, and it thus shared the fate of so much contemporary work in the house itself. On an island in the moat to the south of the garden stands an old lodge of brick and stone, surrounded with trees and overgrown with ivy. This is known as the Octagon, and is sometimes used for shooting lunches. Its origin is curious. It was built by Sir Hamon le Strange in 1640 at the request of his wife, as a resort whither he might retire and practise his "fiddling," which the good lady found little to her liking in closer proximity.

But the main feature in the park is the great entrance gate, giving access to the Green Court in front of the Hall, which still stands intact from early Stuart times, crowned with the arms and supporters of the family, touched but not effaced by the winds which have swept over them from the neighbouring sea for four centuries. It is not easy to realise that the le Strange who set them there so long ago stood midway between the present owner of the property and that "Extraneus" who won his lands on the battlefield of Hastings, together with the hand of some lady of a yet older Saxon race. Heraldic mottoes adopted by earlier generations rarely hold good in later days, but after eight hundred years the owners of Hunstanton may still see their own justified by their record, "Mihi parva tueri."

Country Gossips.—IX.

MY experience of my country gossips is that you seldom get to any of the gems of their conversation until the preliminary formulas have all been gone through, that is to say, that you have to hear the symptoms of every member of the family who is, or is supposed to be, "not quite the thing." But these ceremonies once concluded, the lady of the house will sit at ease in her chimney corner, and is ready to discuss the large affairs of the nation.

"Master Braund" (master is a term in common use among the older people when speaking of their husbands) "he do always like to talk over the news of the day when he come in from his

work, and so it is mostly the news of the war that we do talk over these days. I'm sure it's weeks and weeks I've felt bad with every morsel I've put inside my teeth a-thinking of them poor things shut up in that there Mafeking; and yet when the news did come as it was relieved I was that took aback a feather would a-blown me over. And now I'm just awaiting for that next place as they're going to take—Pretoria."

"Do tell, mother," said the daughter, who sat by, as a chorus, to put in appropriate remarks at the right moment, "do tell about that dream as you had the other night."



F. Oile.

THE SICKLE.

Copyright

"Oh! it was a wonderful dream, that were," the old lady said, with much solemnity. "We'd a been talking about the war, you must know, Master Braund and me, and likely it had got fixed there in my poor head, and we went to bed, same as ever, and seemed to me as I waked up—it was still in my dream; you'll understand, I hadn't waked up really—and I was in the palace awaiting on Mr. and Mrs. Kruger" (the "g" is always soft with these good people), "and there was footmen, numbers of them, awaiting too; 'twas a great dinner. And Mrs. Kruger she was all in velvet. And presently the door of the palace opened, and in come Roberts and all his officers with him; and he says, 'We're come to dinner'; and I waked up—and I was here in bed, and there was Master Braund and the night-light."

I find that many of our cottage people, even some of the poorest of them, keep a night-light burning all night—"for fear," as they will say, if you ask them; but if you press them as to the occasion of the fear they have no more to tell. Possibly enough they have not quite conquered the child's instinctive fear of the dark.

I observed, as in duty bound, that it was a very wonderful dream. It does not need to say that it was all recounted with the



F. Olla.

THE SCYTHE.

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most absolute seriousness, and with no suspicion that an element of humour lurked about it.

"And do you think," the old lady asked, "that maybe it might perhaps happen like that?"

"One cannot tell," I said; "it might," for the event was then still on the knees of the gods.

"Now, I suppose," she went on, "as it's very wicked to wish anyone to die; but do you know I've wished many and many a time as that there Kruger would die, and there's a many as wishes the same, for all it's a wicked thing to do. Master Braund he do tell me as he see on the paper as Mr. Kruger was told by one of these prophet men as he would die soon. Not as I hold with such, but I suppose them Boers is terrible ignorant people. They must be, or else how would they think they was going to beat our Queen?"

A loyal conclusion that seemed to round off the discussion so neatly that I deemed it the psychological moment to take my leave.

THE SICKLE and THE SCYTHE are still in use with us, I am glad to say. It will be a bad day for country lovers when the sound of the sharpenings with the whetstone is entirely lost in the creak and clank of the horse mowing-machine. We are too primitive still for much of that, and the spirit of so-called improvement is not very ardent. For the most part we are



F. Olla.

TO CHURCH.

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satisfied with our lot, and it is hard to estimate for how much their very simple and touching faith in "the Book" counts in the satisfaction of these people. We others, in what we are pleased to call a higher station, have our own little doxies, which we hold to very jealously, resenting interference, but it seems as if only one doxy—the strictest orthodoxy—could satisfy these people. I quite believe that in another sphere of life we may come to find a stronger faith our own by facing and fighting the spectres of the mind, but this does not seem to be the case with them. As a rule if they depart at all from the faith of their fathers, be it church or chapel faith, they relapse into the crudest and most militant atheism, losing all their moral



F. Olla.

DOWN THE HILL OF LIFE.

Copyright

ballast, haranguing at the village inn against capital, the game laws, and the rights of property generally. They go all adrift. I do not mean to say that there may not be many instances to the contrary—no doubt there are—but only that it does not happen to me, in a moderate experience, to have met them, and I am sure they are the exceptions. Their faith is very childlike, and they believe implicitly in the Divine guidance of every smallest act and the immediate response. When I mentioned to Mrs. Braund that a relative of some advanced age was coming to stay with me, she said at once, "The poor dear old lady. I do hope as she won't be took in the train." Although we are so primitive, I should say that we are less than fifty miles from London, so the journey was not one of very great length or peril. Then she added, "If you will

excuse me, I will pray the good Lord that she won't be took in the train."

Most of the people have a Bible, and they plainly regard the mere fact of its possession as a powerful means to salvation. Generally it is of too portly a size to be taken to church, and is used rather for home reading and for the inscription of the family tree in the blank pages at the beginning. But some of the older folk possess a New Testament, largely printed to suit old eyes, which they take with them To CHURCH with no little pride, although no sin is farther from them than that of hypocritical ostentation. We are religious, no doubt, from various motives; but no one who knows them at all can question the comfort of their childlike faith to these poor people as they go DOWN THE HILL OF LIFE.

ZEBRA HORSES.

MAKING and unmaking species was formerly supposed to be left to the absolute discretion of Nature. It was held impious, and the belief had the sanction of law, to try to raise a hybrid, or, by breeding back, to disentangle the "undescended great original" of any domestic animal. Convenience overcame the prejudice first in the case of the mule. Yet even there Nature forbade a perfect result, for the mules were barren. The seeming unwillingness of Nature to allow such interference impressed even the Greeks, who were not very sensitive to public opinion in matters of business. In the little State of Elis, in the Peloponnesus, which had a high sanctity as the scene of the Olympian games, and contains the Temple of Zeus, mule breeding was always forbidden by law, probably in order that the inhabitants might feel that they were on the safe side, and run no risk of interfering with the secrets of Creation. From Elis to Edinburgh is a far cry. Near Edinburgh, at Penicuik, Professor J. C. Ewart has for some years made it his business to try the results of crossing zebras and mares, and of breeding, later, from the same mares by horse stallions, in order to see whether the subsequent foals showed any signs of being affected by the zebra blood. The



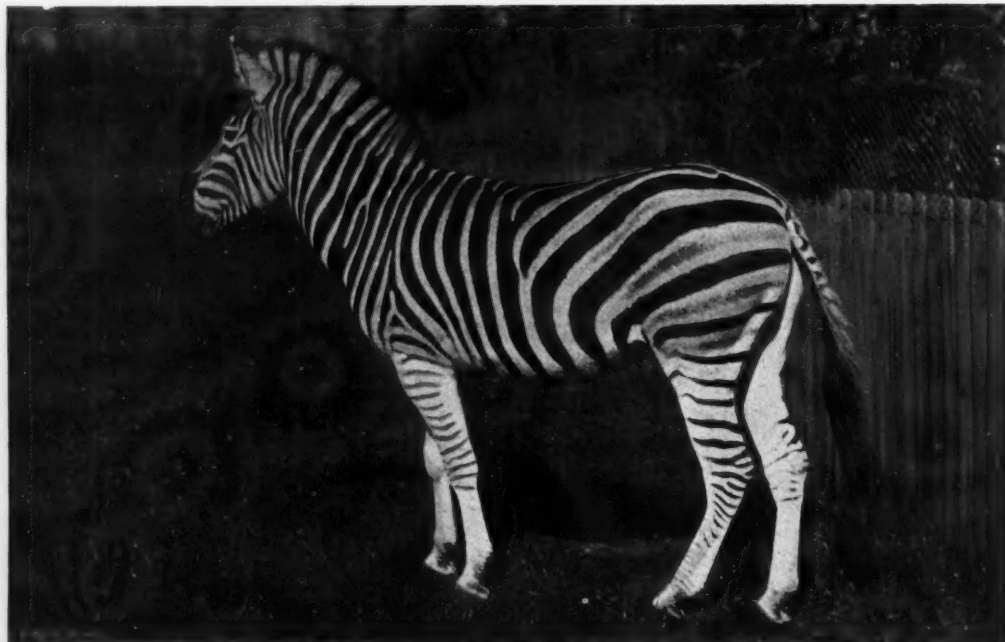
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE FIRST HYBRID CHILD.

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animals used, zebras and mares, and their hybrid offsprings, or subsequent foals by

horse-parents on both sides, were a novel and attractive feature of the Royal Agricultural Show at York.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

HIS SIRE, MATOPPO.

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The practical object of Professor Ewart's experiments has been to make a zebra-horse, fit for rough and wild life in Africa, and free from the two great dangers to equine life there, horse-sickness and the tsetse-fly. Our foreign neighbours in Africa, especially the Germans, are greatly desirous of obtaining some such animal, to take the place of human carriers in the fly belt. The high contracting powers who were parties to the Game Protection Convention for Africa have made a joint declaration of their desire to domesticate the zebras, or some zebra hybrid.

Probably, in the end, the other object of Professor Ewart is as practical as the first. He, like many other breeders and owners of good animals, wishes to get some clear, definite ideas on the principles of breeding and mating domestic animals. Some of these are known;

but one or two vital points are not. Among these are some with hard names, but very simple meanings. One is the question of telegony. That means that a female is liable to produce to a second mate offspring like those begotten by a previous one. The most commonly quoted instance is that mares which had had a foal by Blair Athol, a horse with a characteristic white "blaze" on his face, threw Blair Athol foals, with this mark, to sires utterly unlike Blair Athol.

By getting a foal (hybrid and striped) out of a mare by a zebra stallion, and then mating the mare with a horse and getting a second foal, it was possible to see by experiments whether the theory works. If the second foal, with horses on both sides for parents, had stripes, then it would be very strong evidence for telegony. If no such likeness were traced, it would be evidence that if telegony did take place it



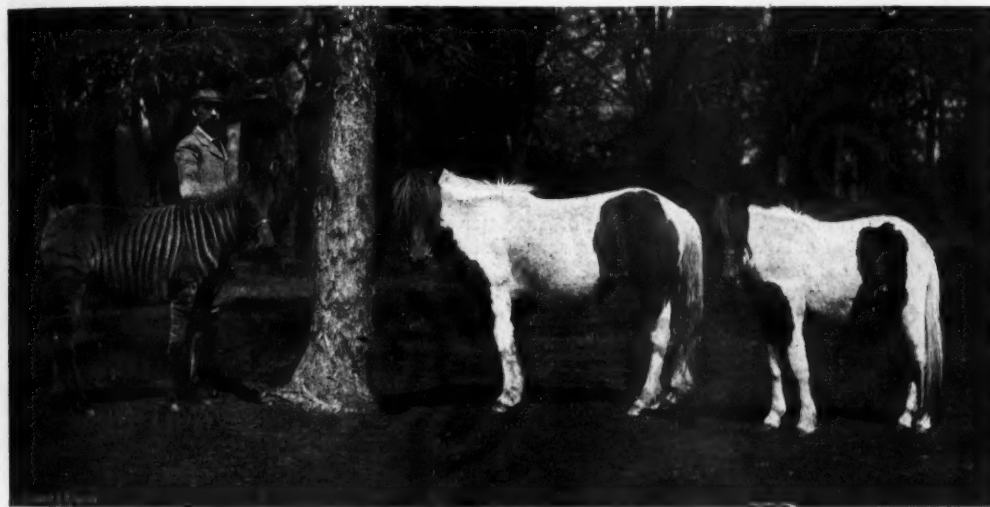
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NORRIETTE AND SKUA.

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shows a cross between a male Burchell zebra and a pony from the Island of Rum, named Mulatto. The oddest thing about him is that his stripes are not like those of HIS SIRE, MATOPPO,

a Burchell zebra, but like those of another and larger race of zebra, the Somali zebra. Except for his stripes he looks a compact small pony; and his appearance gives great promise of a useful beast, either for riding or draught in the tsetse-fly country. The telegony experiments then followed. The mare Mulatto was covered by a grey Arab stallion. The result was a foal bay in colour, and apparently with no stripes. But when examined in a suitable light there were very decided stripes, visible in a photograph, and, in most people's opinion, of a very suspicious telegonic character. However, Professor Ewart thinks that the characteristic zebra stripe was not there, *i.e.*, that along the spine, or the "cross"



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

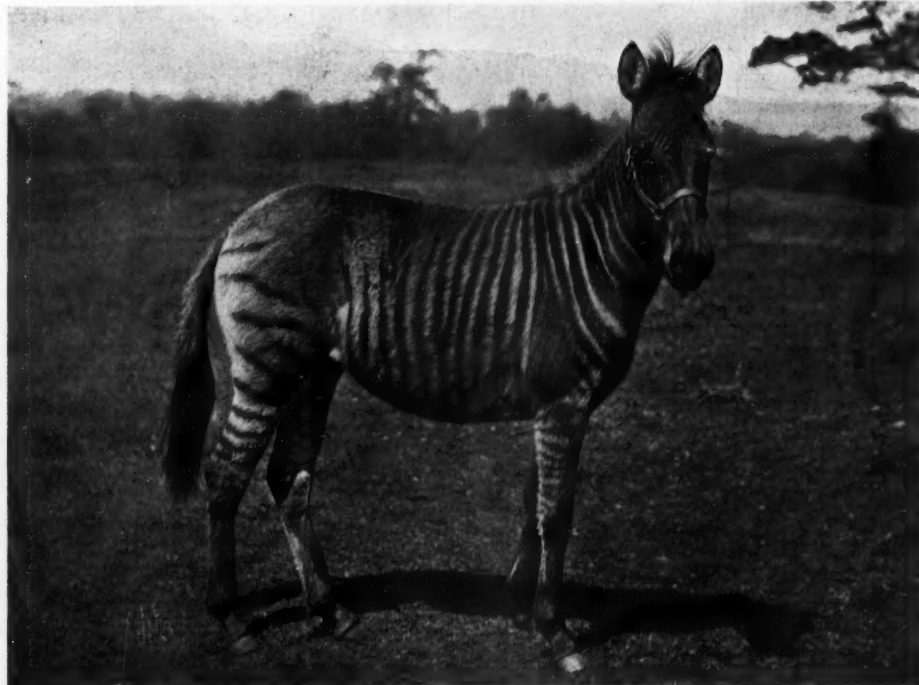
SPOTS AND STRIPES.

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was at any rate not the rule. The pictures here shown are the most recent from the Pennycuik stud. They were taken by Mr. C. Reid, and will enable our readers to judge how far the subsequent foals, bred from horse parents on both sides, show any trace of "infection" by the zebra cross. Probably they will agree that they show none whatever.

But even moderate assurance is not obtainable without a vast number of instances as well as striking evidence in a few; there was one foal, now dead, borne by a pony mare, which did show stripes at birth, though not the characteristic stripes of the zebras.

Romulus,
THE FIRST
HYBRID CHILD,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SIR JOHN.

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stripe, and that the others were probably only the kind of stripes seen in many horses. They do not convey that impression to me, but I am not a connoisseur in the

business. I should say that if Mr. Alexander's drawing of the little beast, inserted in Professor Ewart's book, had been presented for the inspection of its pony papa he would not have been pleased by its striking resemblance to the gentleman in stripes from Africa. Later, several more experiments were made in which there was not the slightest hint of a previous marriage in the offspring of the second union. Take, for example, NORRIETTE AND SKUA. The latter, the pony, has not a trace of zebra blood

about it, though its elder half-brother was the offspring of the zebra sire. In the picture SPOTS AND STRIPES, Sir John, the zebra hybrid, which preceded the piebald foal, is seen on the right, and the piebald pony, Circus Girl, on the left. She is exactly like her dam, the Iceland pony, Tundra. There is no telegony here; but there is obviously a very strong prepotency in the mother, as shown in the reproduction of her peculiar markings. Hekla, the first hybrid bred from this pony, was a very dark one. When she lay by her dam shortly after birth she looked like an overgrown hare. The most upsetting factor in the experiments made with animals "plain" and striped is the undoubted tendency of the grey Arab horse to produce striped young. They are not zebra stripes, but for all that they are so like them as to make it very difficult to determine whether they have or have not anything to do with previous zebra crosses. The stock instance, in which an Arab mare of Lord Morton's threw foals with stripes on their ribs, after having a first foal by a quagga, is said without hesitation by Professor Ewart not to have been a case of telegony. He has so much material to judge by that we will not venture to criticise his arguments, the more so as they are based on very strong evidence, though taken at a distance of time.

His latest conclusions will upset a vast amount of preconceived ideas on the subject of mating animals and its results. He finds that there is practically no evidence for the existence of such a force as telegony whatever; that "saturation," and the theory that the male contributed the form and the female



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

ON THE PENTLAND HILLS.

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parent the qualities, are not supported by fact; and that another very taking belief is that acquired capacity, like that of hunting in hounds, minding sheep in collies, or docility when in harness, is not transmitted by parents to offspring, if the accomplishment has been acquired in the parents' lifetime.

We are not yet convinced of this ourselves. If they do not transmit the acquired characteristics they transmit the capacity to acquire them in a very marked degree. But the physical side of Professor Ewart's enquiries is full of promise to the future breeders of livestock. He deserves, and should be granted, aid by the Ministry of Agriculture for these valuable and suggestive contributions to a very dark subject. The further illustrations accompanying this article show the animals, hybrids and others,

at large ON THE PENTLAND HILLS. The climate there is quite as trying as in South Africa, probably more so, yet the zebra hybrids do remarkably well. The foals have survived in very cold and wet seasons when those of the horses and ponies have died. SIR JOHN, another hybrid, shows rather more of the donkey type than does Romulus. In the portraits of Norette and Skua, the result of breeding from a different class of pony appears. The dam of both was a black Shetland pony called Nora. She threw a foal in 1895 to a Shetland stallion, Wallace. Strange to say this foal was as richly striped as were the supposed telegonic foals of Lord Morton's mare. In 1897 he produced a hybrid by Matoppo the zebra, the Norette here shown. Next year she had the pony foal Skua, which had not the slightest likeness to a zebra.

C. J. CORNISH.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

VALDA WITH FOUR DAYS' FOAL.

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RACING NOTES.

WE have now reached a period of the season when sales of bloodstock or the anticipation of them seem almost more important than racing itself, for in this latter there is a lull, broken only by the time-honoured York August Meeting, which still retains some touch on classic traditions, though the days when we used to see Leger favourites come out for the Yorkshire Stakes appear to have irretrievably passed away. Why this should be so it is difficult to say, for there is nothing in the annals of the race to indicate that runners in it prejudice their St. Leger prospects, unless, indeed, we call to mind the case of Wheel of Fortune. On the other hand, some horses, such as Bla'r Athol, though beaten for the Yorkshire Stakes, have shown

themselves so much the better for the outing that they have exhibited vastly improved form at Doncaster. However, I suppose it is no use hoping for a revival of the old-time fields either in point of quality or numbers, and we must just make the best of it. It may be taken almost for granted that the reason why Leger candidates do not run for the Yorkshire Stakes nowadays is that there are so many other stakes for them to run for earlier. In John Scott's time it was thought that a horse could not be in form to run at Goodwood if he was wanted for the Leger, but the Yorkshire Stakes, being only a fortnight in advance of the big event, afforded an opportunity, no doubt, for "sharpening up" Leger horses. Thus many of them used to run; but it goes without the saying that a different state of affairs would have obtained

had there been 10,000 sovs. stakes to run for at odd times of the year. Then, the mere love of money would have led to breaking up John Scott's or any other theories, and we should have seen, as we now see fairly, that the Ebor Handicap and other similar events suffered greatly in consequence.

As for sales, the first one of importance is that which takes place at Deauville on August 20th, when M. Halbronn, of the Etablissement Cheri, will dispose of the usual batch of English brood mares which have been sent over for a good many years past for the benefit of French buyers. That these sales have immensely benefited our friends in France is a matter almost of common knowledge, and it is really extraordinary what a number of great winners have been bred by them from the mares thus imported. Perth II., their best three year o'd of last season, is a son of one of the mares sold at Deauville, and it is quite an exception when any such mares do not succeed. On the forthcoming anniversary, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. R. A. Brice, Mr. Capon, Mr. W. W. Lewison, Mr. W. Easton, and others are among the consignors of mares, and, no doubt, there will be, as there always has been, an excellent market. The expedition to Deauville is in itself a very pleasant one, for you get there during the race meeting, which is in its way the Goodwood of France, and on the day before the sale is the Grand Prix de Deauville, which is important enough to attract English runners from time to time, as, for instance, last year, when Merman ran such a great race, defeating all but Fourire, to whom he was conceding 21lb. This performance rendered the Ascot Cup of this year a foregone conclusion for him, for he was only called upon to concede 6lb. to Perth II. in that race, and Fourire was little if at all inferior to the latter. There are few people who know how ridiculously cheap is the journey from London to Trouville and back during this fortnight of the year when the races are on. A first-class return ticket from London costs only 30s., which seems almost incredible, but is none the less true. When you get there you do not find expenses proportionately light, it is true; indeed, there are few places where you can more easily spend a lot of money, but the actual journey is made at the merely nominal cost above stated.

Meanwhile we have got through Redcar and Stockton Meetings, where everyone who is anyone at all meets with hospitality such as is almost unknown in the South. At the former meeting Mr. James Lowther has a big luncheon-room all on his own account, and, so to speak, keeps open house. Lord Londonderry does the same at Stockton, and Mr. Vyner falls not very far short of them on what he does at York, where he has a tent in which scores of people are entertained throughout the week. It is quite a different business from going over as we do in the south to this or that drag and having lunch with them, or being invited to someone's table at Goodwood, for at these North Country reunions you meet all sorts and conditions—your host is no respecter of persons. At York the Ebor Handicap seems likely to be won by the chosen representative of F. W. Day's powerful stable, which may possibly be the New Zealander, Tirant d'Eau, who ran second for the Goodwood Plate. Skopos, in the same stable, is also favourably handicapped, but he might wait for something later. It is interesting to note that Mr. H. W. White, the owner of Skopos, bought him when a yearling entirely on the Bruce Lowe figures, not being at all taken up with the colt individually. Mr. White it was who made himself financially responsible for the production of Bruce Lowe's book after the author died, before half the MS. was in type. I make no doubt the book has paid well enough, and Skopos has brought a satisfactory return for following "the figures." OUTPOST.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

FROM a large number of portraits of the late Chief Justice of England, one of the most remarkable men who ever filled that high office, we have selected one which seems to us eminently characteristic, and in making the choice we have borne in mind the fact that the face of the great lawyer who passed away last week to the sorrow of us all was the mirror of his character. With the single exception of Lord Coleridge, no man of our time has "looked his part" so thoroughly and completely as Lord Coleridge's successor; and, perhaps, no two successful occupants of a great place were so thoroughly opposite in points of character. Lord Coleridge was subtle, persuasive, graceful, scholarly. Lord Russell was downright, logical, impetuous, and on occasion even harsh. In character, if not in politics or religion, he was a typical son of the Black North, as the southern Irish call that prosperous province of Ulster; and, because he was a northern Irishman, as a Catholic he was the most Catholic of Catholics, and as a Home Ruler he was the most thorough-going of Home Rulers. Thoroughness and a fierce sincerity were the keynotes of this great man's character; and they were the explanation of his virtues and of his faults, of which the former were of supreme importance, since they were real, while the latter matter little, since they were of manner only. A score of quotations aptly summing up his character rush into the mind, but perhaps the two most appropriate are one from Horace and one from an American poet. *Iustum et tenacem propositi virum*, sums up Lord Russell's character; but the more homely American verse does it just as well:

"Were he a-minin' on the flat
He did it with a zest,
Whate'er he set his hand unto
He did his level best."

Lord Russell's personality was not superficially alluring. "His not to use the arts of polished ease, or blandness, which means anything you please." His intellect rushed straight to the kernel of a question, and he was impatient of those who could not keep pace with him. He did not suffer fools gladly or at all, and twenty years ago the Bar was full of stories of the

harsh, and even the rude, things which he had said in consultation to juniors and to solicitors. As an advocate he was intolerant of suggestion and interruption, and it was even said that on one occasion he used a brief as heavy as the fee marked upon it to impress upon the head of an eager client the fact that he would not brook interference. In fact, there was about him much that was superficially repellent; but such was his intellect, and such was his constancy of character and his readiness to admit error and to apologise for it, that men, who could not but esteem him, grew to love him.

When was Charles Russell at his greatest, what was the crowning triumph of his career? There is really no doubt about the matter. The grand moment was when the most terrible master of cross-examination whom our time has seen utterly confounded Pigott in the witness-box. The figure and the face of the advocate and the collapse of the wretched impostor made a scene which, with its surroundings, will never be forgotten by any man who looked upon it. It was really awe-inspiring. Then, when rugged, forcible, sledge-hammer Russell was asked to sit in the seat of polished Coleridge, men said freely that the advocate would not shine as a judge. But they were quite mistaken. He was not, as mere learning went, a great lawyer; but he had the legal instinct in perfection. He could always see the point at once; he could appreciate the nicest point; he could construe the authorities without faltering; he never left the slightest doubt as to his meaning. If he had a fault it was impatience and an outspoken hatred of iniquity, which sometimes found vent before the existence of the iniquity was clearly proved. An example of this was the ferocious attack which he made upon the Lord Mayor of London in November last, an attack which, since it was by no means justified later, was deeply resented in the City of London. But the vast majority of Englishmen like rather than dislike a man in high

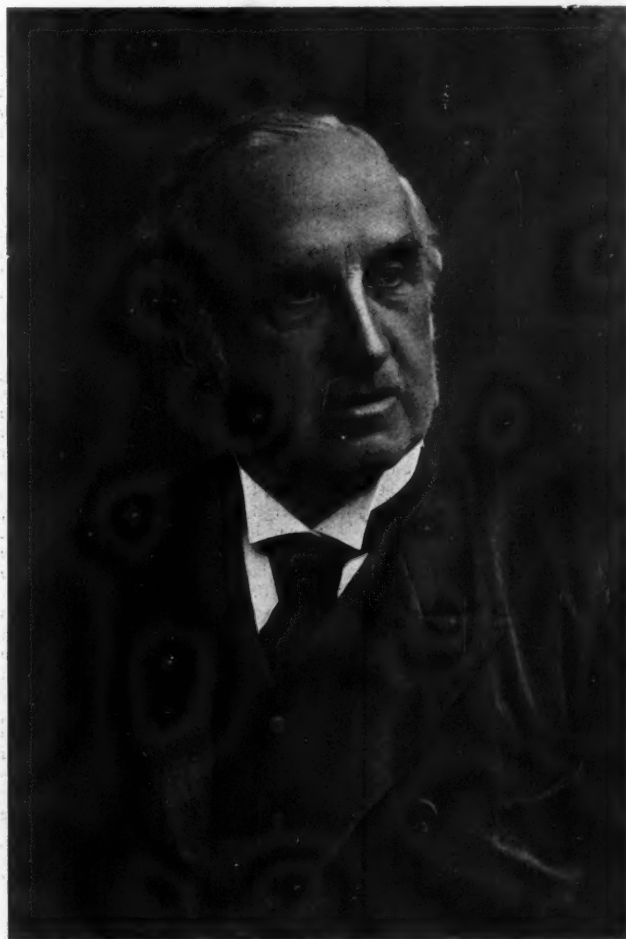


Photo. by London THE LATE LORD RUSSELL. Stereoscopic Co.

place who expresses his opinions bluntly, and for that reason, and for many others, they were proud of Lord Russell. They knew him to be honest to the core, to be a man of immense sagacity, acuteness, and strength. They felt that he represented a great country and its legal institutions worthily at home and abroad, that he was a credit to them in every sense; and to many of them it was a comfort to think that this stern, shrewd, profound, and strong lawyer had a pronounced affection for the national sport of horse-racing, and that he had as keen an eye for a horse as for a knotty problem in the Commercial Law; in the arguing and the definition of which he played so large a part.

SHOOTING: Old Methods & New.—VII.

AT this period of the year old methods hold sway for a fortnight, three weeks, or a month in Scotland, according to the district, and for the first-named length of time in Wales. In the Border Counties, too, where grouse are less numerous than in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, they are still shot to some extent over dogs, and in Ireland they lie very well to points in most districts, especially in the west.

Aldridge's sales of sporting dogs supply a few of the animals that make all the difference during August between sport and strong language, and the field trials indicate to shooters, who read their papers, what sorts are best, and sometimes which individuals are most to be coveted; but it is not always safe to rely upon field trial winnings to show which are the best dogs, as the writer himself has found out during this year. It is difficult to get together a good team of dogs, almost as difficult for the rich as the poor man. Money will not buy everything, even yet, in this world, and I could name a good many pointers and setters that their owners could not be tempted to part with. But the average man who takes his moor does not care two straws about the refinements of breaking, nor about even action and merry style which go to the making of the most brilliant field-trial performers. What do they want? and what is the difference between their requirements and those of the super-excellent judge to whom the commonplace is worse than the bad? A reading of the Field Trial reports in the spring does not give a shooter very much confidence in the crack dogs, to say nothing of the beaten ones. As a rule what are called flushes and false points predominate. The reporters have not, as a rule, acquired the art of setting before their readers the things they have seen themselves. When the flush occurs they do not say under what circumstances it happened; it may be that the field was bare of covert, and that the birds, seeing the crowd, rose when the dogs were yet fifty or more yards away. In covert it would have been a point, on bare rolled ground newly sown with barley it is a flush. It is often even more excusable when false points are made. The crowd makes the partridges run, and they leave their scent behind them when they run away through the far hedge and take wing out of sight of everybody. Yet down it goes—"S. p. f.," which being translated from the note-book to the sporting paper reads "Sam pointed false." The judges have not come to admire the dogs in the spirit of those journalists who used repeatedly to compare driving game and its attributes adversely to the statuesque pointing and cataleptic backing of the "real sportsman's dogs." Reporters enter into the spirit of the game, and with judges search out any fault which will show one dog, either by luck or cunning, a hair's breadth better than another. The judges have to do it, or trials would never be decided; nevertheless, reports, written in the judicial spirit, are very poor reading and cannot be very helpful to shooters in want of dogs for the moors. Frequently a flush is of more merit than a point; the latter may have been at game a couple of yards from the dog's nose; the flush may have occurred after the dog had drawn a long distance to game which had run down wind and got behind the drawing dog, so that in casting to pick up the lost scent he fell over the birds. No note of that sort appears in the records, but it is "Sam false pointed and then flushed a brace." No wonder owners and breakers feel a little sore sometimes when good work is thus described; but then it takes the eye of a sportsman to detect when the dogs are in fault and when nothing but bad luck has resulted in a poor record. But if spring field trials are very difficult to obtain clean records from, grouse trials in July are not; and yet the latter are very much more fluky than the former, and there is nothing at all like a good wheat-field and a rough fallow in which to test the difference in merit between a brace of dogs. First of all, on a moor you have to take the beats across the wind. The dog which happens to be furthest into the wind has the best chance; he has less chance of flushing, because the dog behind him would probably have found the game, had there been any, on the ground over which he is galloping, and he has more chance of finding, because he has the whole moor in front of him, whereas the dog taking the back cast has only the ground between himself and the other dog. That is so if their noses are equal, but it sometimes does happen that the careful dog taking the back cast, so that nothing might be missed, has nose enough to reach over his companion who is 60yds. or 70yds. nearer the game, and when that is so, differences are soon made obvious. But generally there are not these very great differences, and the cross-wind moorland beat is therefore very chancy, and the field in which the dogs are given the full benefit of the wind to find the partridges is a long way the quicker means to the end in view.

After all the great difference between average dogs and field trial cracks is only one of the amount of ground they will cover in a certain time. It really matters very little to the shooter, but it is of the utmost importance to the breeder. Nose and pace are, in a sense, opposites, but the field trial crack must have both. They are opposites, because the faster a dog goes, the less he recognises the faint scents which would be apparent to him if he was going slower. Moreover, little as we know about the scenting powers of dogs, it is possible to affirm that on well soaked grouse moors they must always have the scent of game in their noses. Shut yourself up in a room with a vase of roses and soon you will not detect that there is any scent of them in the room; but open the window and let in a fresh breeze of air and the difference will enable you to smell the roses again instantly. On that principle slow dogs, dwelling in the same scent, ought to be more given to false pointing than fast ones, and there is no doubt whatever that they are. Personally, I love a high-couraged dog, one that will not follow out the first faint scent up to its source of origin, but will make good every inch of ground before going forward to investigate the spot on which it believes birds to be. But field trials do not cultivate that class of dog, but rather the kind which, having got a scent, follows it up at once to discover whether there is game there or not.

A natural quarterer is very seldom seen, and it has almost become accepted that a dog when let off at once becomes desirous of getting to game, no matter where. He is no natural quarterer if he does; as I have said above, the good nosed dog must certainly have the scent of game in his nose from the time he goes on the moor until he gets home at night. Some dogs I have known would never leave their direct line of quartering cast until they were absolutely sure, not only that game was in front of them, but that they knew exactly where it was. Others will follow up a faint scent the moment they get it, only to discover a roosting place of the night before 100yds. away from their proper line of cast, a fault which means that they have missed that 100yds. of ground one or both sides of their line of draw to false scent. Yet if the latter kind of dog draws to game across the cast of the former sort, and finds game, it is said to have the better nose. That is a mistake. I remember a very short-nosed dog, as I thought him, developing a very long

one indeed when he was afflicted with a bad attack of kennel lameness. He was suddenly converted from that high courage which characterises the setter, a courage which never permitted him to leave his straight line of cast until he was sure of his game, into a dog which would, apparently, find his game four times as far away as he ever did before, by means of drawing up to every faint scent he obtained. So that it is not always safe to assume that one dog has the better nose because he can draw to game over the line another has travelled in his cast. It is so very difficult to know what is in a dog's head, that the mere fact of one pointing further off than another says very little about their respective powers of scenting.

Shooters are mostly content with dogs of moderate powers, and they have to be, for the others are very limited in numbers. If pointers and setters are careful to beat all their ground, do not flush game, but back or double point (by no means the same thing), and drop or stop to gun, that is all they are asked for. They may require a cautioning hand held up when on point, or even "To-ho"; the shooter as a rule does not object. Even in the shooting volumes of the Badminton Library the latter fault is depicted as the ideal dog work. One thing field trial breakers never have to do is to "To-ho" their dogs, or even caution them with a tall hand when on point. They do trust their dogs, and that is what the average keeper does not do. And that "To-ho" is the reason why shooters have to hurry up to a dog's point, or think they have to. It is entirely a matter of habit; if the dog is accustomed to that kind of thing he will expect it, and possibly draw in and flush without it. Far better let him do so, and scold or whip him for flushing when he has done it, than allow a gamekeeper to go on shouting, for it will become more provoking as birds get wilder. The excuse for it is to be found in every old picture depicting dogs on point; the keeper has always got his hand up, and generally with a whip in it. Possibly shooters were not as careful about pedigrees in the old days. If they were breakers they were worse than our field trial men, for certain it is that none of our breeds, not even the spring broken puppies, want this caution. They are staunch by nature, and it ought to be no credit to anyone to be able to rely upon them not to flush their game after they have once established a point.

After all, the average dog if well broken is quite as comfortable to shoot to as the flyer with a long nose; except when it comes to hunting bare ground, where a couple of hundred acres may be beaten before grouse are found. It is all very well to say do not beat such ground; that course would not be fair to the moor. If you leave 100 acres unshot one year there will be 200 for you to leave the next. The way to exterminate grouse is to leave them alone; at least they say so in the deer forests, and they ought to know.

That 100 acres will take you half the morning to beat with your average dogs; with the flyers with the long noses it will not take much more than half an-hour if the scent is good to discover the one or two broods upon it. It is beautiful to see the high ranger who has been skimming the heather and the peat-hags in his gallop, as if the going were smooth as meadow-grass, racing all the time with his nose turned to the wind and his head high; more so to observe the sudden change when he drops down to a crawling canter, with his chest cutting the heather, and his head and neck strained towards the tainted breeze the moment he gets amongst scattered grouse, birds which have been running and left conflicting foot-scents between every clump of heather. Of course men who have never seen this, and who judge dog work as it is depicted in Badminton shooting volumes, think there is nothing much in it; that a good drive is infinitely preferable to moderate dog work. I entirely agree with them. ARGUS OLIVE.



WE always expect to see something particularly good in the way of polo at Rugby. Nor were we disappointed. I myself travelled 160 miles to see the final of the Rugby Tournament, and was well rewarded for my pains. In the earlier part of the week the weather was against very fast play. Indeed, there were times when it seemed possible that the final would not be brought off at all. However, Saturday was a fine day, and besides the members and their friends in the enclosure, there were several hundreds of people who had paid 6d. for admission to the ground. The turf was naturally a little sodden and heavy, and perhaps with teams less good would have made the game somewhat slow. As the course of play went, the two best of the competing teams were left in to the last, and the final was not, as at Leamington, discounted beforehand. Rugby A—Messrs. Walter Jones, Maurice Nickalls, George Miller, and Pattison Nickalls—and Mr. Buckmaster's team, consisting of M. Duval, Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Freake, and himself, were the two left in. Mr. E. B. Sheppard and Mr. C. D. Miller acted as umpires. Everyone was glad to see a really good Rugby team again in the field, and I think that all will agree that great credit is due to Mr. G. A. Miller in captaining the team, so that they played with all that steadiness and combination which characterise Rugby play. In the end they won the match, although Mr. Buckmaster's team were the favourites. This victory was due chiefly to their superior combination and the steadiness with which they forced the ball time after time down the ground. Their passing was wonderfully steady. As the match went on the ground cut up a good deal, but there was very little missing on either side; comparatively few scrimmages, and the ball seldom hung for long, but travelled quickly up and down the length of the ground. Very soon after play had fairly begun there occurred opposite the pavilion one of the best struggles of the afternoon. I am by no means sure that it was not the best bit of polo we have seen this season. All the men on both sides played well, but at last it resolved itself into a kind of duel between Mr. George Miller and Mr. Buckmaster, each, I think, understood, playing No. 3. Nearly every stroke of the game was shown as each man tried to force the ball away. Backwards and forwards the white ball flew, always coming back after travelling a short distance from a strong back-hander. Mr. George Miller rode a dark pony, rather short and compact in build, which turned and twisted in a marvellous manner. The pony is strange to me, but it is a good one, and as near perfection at polo as may be. Mr.

Miller's side at last worked the ball down, and, striking a pony, the ball went through the posts. This was rather bad luck for Mr. Buckmaster's team. Neither good nor bad luck, however, upset Mr. Buckmaster's play, and in the next period he made one of those splendid strokes we are used to seeing from him, and then put the ball through the posts with a good back-hander, drawing a round of applause from an appreciative crowd of spectators, and even extorting an admiring hoot from Mr. Rawlinson's motor-car. In this way the game went on, full of incident and excitement, and as each side in turn made goals, the tension became painful. In polo, when a game is closely contested, the strain on the eight men and their ponies seems to communicate itself to the lookers-on. One run even now stands out before my memory. We saw Mr. Buckmaster shoot out on old Bendigo and dart away for the goal, while one of the Rugby men on a grey started in pursuit. I have seldom seen a pony lay himself down to his work better than that grey. He was catching the brown at every stride, and possibly forced Mr. Buckmaster to make his final effort for goal sooner than he would have done. At all events, the shot missed. Another exciting incident took place when Mr. George Miller, towards the end of the game, made a run down the ground near the boards on the side opposite the pavilion, finishing up with a splendid shot at goal, which actually hit one of the posts with a crack that could be heard all over the ground. This was a piece of bad luck, for if ever a goal was fairly earned by judgment, good play, and hard hitting, that was. But polo would not be half the game it is but for its chances. For example, I should think Mr. Buckmaster had at least three splendid long shots at goal which just did not go through. At last, when time was up, the score was three all, and Rugby, after about seven minutes of hard play, won the game and the cup.

This brought the English season to an end. It is true that there will be polo played at Rugby, at the Crystal Palace, and Cirencester, and probably Leamington, for some time to come; but it is hunting on which our minds are fixed, and the Tedworth have actually been out and found cubs in plenty. The Bramham Moor, too, report a splendid show of foxes, the best for years. X.

COWES REGATTA.

COWES, as an annual but short-lived centre of social gathering, has suffered this year, in company with many other localities which depend on amusement of a healthy sort for their popularity. A certain depression of spirits, which is the natural consequence of the absence, alas! in some cases for ever, and in others—mercifully the majority—for a time, of friends, relations, and lovers, has been accentuated by barometrical depression of an aggressive type. Hard winds are the outward prayer of the racing mariner, but gales of wind and driving, if not persistent, rain are elements which favour the sport of yacht racing neither for the crews nor for the onlooking fraternity of all sexes.

The Princess of Wales came in the Osborne on Monday, and her arrival was duly saluted, and the Prince arrived on the following day from a mournful ceremonial. The Royal Yacht Squadron modified their stern censorship, and welcomed an unusually large proportion of candidates for the honour of membership.

The management of the week's racing at Cowes lies, under Providence, in the hands of the Royal Yacht Squadron and of the Royal London, which latter club is a comparatively new comer to the little town, although for long years past a dweller on the banks of the muddy Thames, whose pilots grieve over its water and its trade, both visibly waning, the former, at least partially, the cause of the latter effect. Silting mud in the river has tempted the members to change their local habitation to the less muddy waters of the Solent. The club thrives, and in

ordinary years has great success in the number of competitors in its races, but this year all are affected.

The Queen's Cup, given to the Squadron, claims this year the unique distinction of having the German Emperor's Meteor as a competitor, although unsuccessful. The Court mourning has eliminated her from other races, to the grief of those who wished to see a fresh trial of speed between her and the Sybarita, which is probably benefited by the alterations made since her experiences at the Kiel Regatta. The Satanita beat the Meteor and one other antagonist, and carried off the beautiful cup which the Queen presented. The weather exactly suited the Satanita, probably the fastest existing yacht under the circumstances of a hard reaching wind. She is known to have travelled from the Land's End round to her owner's home on the beautiful Kerry Coast at an average speed of 15 knots for a 300-knot course. The remaining races have been of small interest, and no profit to their owners, whose losses have been the spar-makers' gains, for a forest of topmasts and bowsprits have been offered on the altar of sport, and have to be replaced. The gales of wind have not only ravaged the spars of the racing vessels, for anchors dragging, from combined stress of strong winds and spring tides, in a roadstead holding many vessels, has led to considerable minor damage, and the layman, whose absence the Reverend Dean lamented, has employed a mariner's full licence. The tonnage of yachts at anchor in the roads has been considerable, for the modern tendency of both Britishers and foreigners is to possess, where possible, large vessels, mostly of the steam hotel description, but the number of individual yachts is far less than in ordinary years. Many yacht owners are on service, and some few gentlemen, lately in khaki, who have been South, are now returned, in a more or less damaged condition, from the hardships of war, and are spectators of that racing in which many of them but last year were eager participants. The foreigners are in considerable prominence, both on land and afloat, and two schooners, the Clara and the Nordwest, both owned, but not made, in Germany, have scored considerable success in the yacht-racing world. One old-fashioned match was arranged and successfully carried out between the respective owners of two regular cruising craft, and it is a pity that more of these cross-country matches, "owners up," do not catch on as they did in the early days at Newmarket.

There are practically no new yachts, and naval architecture languishes from lack of enterprising owners; even the galaxy of fireworks has this year succumbed to the influences, but the return of many fighting ships from the scenes of mimic warfare to the safe refuge of Portsmouth Harbour aroused the interest of those green-sea mariners who vow that winds and seas are less formidable than in their day. Squadrons of torpedo-boats and a full complement of their destroyers wended swiftly eastward through the roads, and cruisers of various inharmonious sizes smoked hurriedly past. The Ariadne, looming like a whale out of water, passed through the fleet of racers on Wednesday, in unavailing quest of the absent Theseus, whilst the thirty-seven-knot Viper fussed westwards on her trials.

There is sufficient influx of visitors to fill up most of the houses ordinarily let, and the somewhat exiguous lodgings, but the social entertainments are of the description of "mitigated woe" immortalised in a past generation by the advertisements of a great provider, and yet there were some cakes, some ale, and some music, both of the Jap and Japanned-black persuasion.

THE DEVON & SOMERSET.

IT is not, as a rule, wise to expect the very best of sport on the opening day at Cloutsham, where the carriage folk come by scores, and the bicyclists by scores also, and the pedestrians by hundreds, and the picnic element is not wanting; and the meeting of old friends, whom the Devon and Somerset bring together, is a feature, perhaps the feature, of the day. On Wednesday of last week, too, there were faces missing, many of them belonging to men who have responded to their country's call; and amongst them—sadly missed, too—was that of Mr. J. A. G. Hamilton, of Withypool, who has made a point of riding with the Devon and Somerset ever since he was a schoolboy at Bradfield. Just now he is with the sharpshooters, whom he had a large share in organising, under Sir F. Carrington. In his place were present a few soldiers who have been to South Africa, and have fought, and have returned invalided or wounded. So, having noted that the going was a trifle heavy owing to the recent onslaughts of Jupiter



H. M. Lomas.

THE MEET.

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Pluvius, men fell to talking of prospects; and those were certainly pleasing. Arrangements and personnel were the same as ever, and as good as ever. Anthony, whom it would be absurd to speak of as Anthony Huxtable, was to the fore with his merry men. Stags were said to be plentiful, and certainly, before the day was over, there was abundant evidence that the wild red deer, which are the *raison d'être* of the Devon and Somerset, which in their turn give the hunting man who rides his one chance during hot summer weather, had by no means diminished in number. There were minor details, too, to be talked of, as, for example, Lord Lovelace's fence between Culbone Plantations and his farms, which seems to be full of promise for long and straight runs in the future. But all this was soon forgotten in the excitement of the chase, which was very real, and in the accidents small and great—none of them fortunately very great—which fell to the lot of man and horse before the stag, which was found in the fern to the east of Cloutsham Ball, met his fate below the famous Badgworthy Wood at Cloud Farm. From beginning to end it was a first-rate day, in which Master, and harbourer, and tufters, and Anthony, all did their work excellently well, and scent was, if anything, too good—too good, that is to say, for the horses, but by no means too good for the hounds. May the season go on as it has begun.

From the Pavilion.

I WAS much amused the other day to see that in the match between Cambridgeshire and the M.C.C. an over-anxious batsman was caught "backing up" too soon, and duly run out by the bowler, the match being then a tie, with the clock at the stroke of time. Under the circumstances the batsman's anxiety was pardonable and the bowler's smartness commendable, but it is seldom that in a match of any calibre such an incident occurs. Some cricketers, I believe, hold that the bowler is in such a case guilty of sharp practice—we used to consider it so as small boys—but it is really the batsman who is being "sharp," as he is trying to steal a yard or so by taking a flying start. I remember an old cricketer telling me a good story on this subject. He was bowling, and catching the non-striker out of his ground, broke the wicket and appealed to the umpire. It was a match against a school, and the umpire—one of the boys—turned to my friend on his



H. M. Lomas.

GOING WITH THE TUFTERS.

appeal and gazed at him with horror and contempt. To his repeated "How's that?" that umpire made reply, "Well, it's out really, but it's dirty snivelling, and you're a cad, and I give it 'not out.'" After the first admission the verdict is charming, to say nothing of the two gratuitous statements.

The tale of Bank Holiday cricket is indeed doleful, only one first-class match in seven being finished; that, however, produced a rare good finish, Middlesex just beating Somerset by one wicket. It was really curious that Somerset should lose and Middlesex win two consecutive matches by that narrow margin, Jack Hearne's experience—he was in at each of the Middlesex finishes—being also unique. However, he left the getting of the six or seven runs required to Trot, than whom no better man could be had at a pinch, for, though he does at times take profane liberties with the bowlers that often cost him his wicket, he is as cool and level-headed as a man need be when the pinch comes. The Canterbury Week was socially but a small success, many of the festivities being abandoned and others spoiled by the weather. The war caused the dances to be abandoned, while further gloom was cast over proceedings by the death of that well-known "Old Stager," Quintin Twiss, and the dangerous accident which occurred to the commandant of the garrison. The



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THE PACK.

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first match—viz. Lancashire—should, however, have been finished, for Kent played up valiantly and had far the best of the game. Mason, however, did not close his innings, though it seems, on paper, that he might well have done so, and the last two batsmen stayed so long as to practically sacrifice the game. Blythe's bowling was remarkably fine, and when the pinch of the second innings came only Albert Ward could oppose him with confidence. Albert's slow but invaluable cricket just saved his side. Had Fry played early in the season as well as he has been playing during the last few weeks, his record would have been startling, for in his last five innings he has got over 200 once, over 100 three times, and on the other occasion 96, which might well have been 100 but for a severe blow on the elbow. It is a pity that he lost such a fine series as five consecutive innings each over three figures. However, the Somerset bowlers managed to check his wild career, and his partner in big scoring—Ranjitsinhji—was left to flourish alone. Ranjitsinhji's innings of 86 was, I understand, a marvel of skill; the wicket was thoroughly difficult, but cuts, drives, and glances came as easily from his bat as on the most perfect of Brighton wickets. The arrival of the holidays is always a great event for Middlesex, as their batting strength is enormously increased when Wells and the Brothers Douglas come into the side, while the value of the trio is enormously enhanced by their splendid fielding. Up to the middle of July the county had fared abominably, but successive wins over Essex, Leicestershire, Surrey, and Somerset—dramatic wins the last two—have helped it up the list considerably. In any case the first defeat by Leicestershire is inexplicable, for this match produced the solitary victory hitherto gained by the Midland side, which would otherwise have been level with Hants for the last place. The war is partly responsible for Hampshire's ill fortune, as it has not only kept some good men out of England, but has considerably curtailed the opportunities of Captains Wynyard and Quinton; but the real source of the weakness is want of bowlers, for Baldwin, good bowler and hard worker as he is, is getting a little *passé*. While on the subject of bowling, I must not omit a reference to Trott's feat of getting all the Somerset wickets in one innings; I fancy only V. E. Walker and Burton have ever done such a thing before for the county, but "V. E." did it twice during his long and useful career. Briggs, be it noted, has already done the same thing for Lancashire.

W. J. FORD.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

MR. R. W. HUDSON has so quickly been able to assume a leading place among agriculturists that the article on his Medmenham Estate to be found in another part of the paper will be read with peculiar interest. The buildings described by our contributor reflect very great credit on the architect, Mr. Romaine Walker, who has won for himself golden opinions. There is abundance of proofs that he is a master of ornament and design, to wit, his scholarly plans for restoring Medmenham Abbey, the successful carrying out of which must have equally gratified owner and architect, and his plans for the new mansion-house. In arranging the steading at Bockmer, the main object was not to add something beautiful to the landscape, though that has not been neglected, but to construct a series of practical and useful buildings that would at once be compact, convenient, and healthy. It is greatly

to his credit that he has so successfully emerged from the ordeal. Anyone with a steading to build will be able to pick up many hints from the plan which we are permitted to reproduce.

The injury done to the corn crops by the recent storms has so far been surprisingly slight. No grain to speak of has been shed by the wind, and very little laid, thanks perhaps to a general lightness of straw. The estimate formed by the *Times*, after reports had been received from farmers in every county of England, Wales, and Scotland, is that cereals are 1·3 per cent. worse than they were at this time last year. That 1·3 is an almost painful air of accuracy, but it at least testifies to the recovery made in the month of July. Comparing different portions of the kingdom, it is found that Scotland promises to be best and Wales next, while England lies behind. Beans, potatoes, and roots are all a little better in England than they were at this time last August, but not so good either in Wales or Scotland. Grass crops, including both grazing lands and hay-fields, are better throughout. This summary does not contradict what we have learned from farmers and estate agents, though being a generalisation it takes no account of the very great divergence in lands lying adjacent to one another, produced largely by the partial and local character of the rain and sunshine.

It appears certain that the cost of living will be considerably increased as the autumn advances, and that the working classes will be particularly affected. Rents both in town and country are higher than they have been, too much so in London, where they consume a disproportionate share of the labourers' income. Coal is likely to remain dear for some time, although some of the forecasts that have been appearing are unduly alarmist. Anything like a famine is out of the question. Meat for some inscrutable reason remains high, in spite of the increased quantities of frozen or chilled that, as the Board of Trade figures show, are coming in from foreign and colonial sources. The baker has managed to put the price of the loaf up, and he may be depended upon to keep it there for some time to come. Boots are dear, and the ready-made clothes' shops on which the artisan depends for his garments have taken their tickets and written down ten per cent. more. As long as trade is brisk and coal plentiful it is possible to regard these signs with tranquillity, but if the boom should expend its force and a check follow they would at once assume grave significance.

At the various shows this season a common subject of conversation has been the great improvement noticeable in stock. One cowman may frequently be heard saying to another that such and such an animal relegated to a fourth place or given a V.H.C. would have been sure of a first five years ago. Skilful breeding is far more common, and the keeping of pedigree stock more of a fashion than it ever was before. The certificates issued by the Shorthorn Society for cattle going abroad afford proof that the desire to have the best stock is extending abroad. No fewer than 345 pedigree shorthorns were exported, of which 192 went to Canada, 119 to South America, 30 to the United States, and one each to South Africa, Germany, New Zealand, and Tasmania. In many cases the prices realised were very high indeed, running to four figures in more than one instance.

Very good prices for Southdowns were realised at the Blythwood sale. A pen of shearling ewes was bought for the Prince of Wales at 220s. a head; Dr. Watney gave 320s. each for a pen of three year old ewes, and some of the rams changed hands at 23 guineas each. The Duke of Marlborough purchased a Jersey heifer for 30 guineas, and another was sold at 37 guineas. The Gaikwar of Baroda was one of the chief guests at the luncheon before the sale. Replying to the toast of his health, proposed by Lord Rookwood, he said that the best native breeds of cattle in India were the Gujarat, the Malwa, and the Mysore. Sir James Blyth presided. His reason for reducing the number of stock is that his two sons and his agent are all absent in South Africa on active service.

The Spalding Union District Council represents nine Lincolnshire parishes and consists largely of farmers. It has recently passed a resolution in favour of taxing bicycles. This at a first glance looks very like a waste of energy. At least one Minister, Mr. Goschen, has declared that he would never consent to such a tax, and cycling Mr. Balfour can hardly be expected to favour the idea. No doubt the farmers have ground for irritation, especially against the rougher class of scorchers, who make off like lightning when their recklessness has been the cause of injury. But cyclists as a whole are as well-behaved as any other members of the community, and the pastime has such a wholesome effect in tempting young men into the open air instead of lounging about towns, that public opinion would never consent to their penalisation by Act of Parliament.

AT THE THEATRE

LONDON possesses within a radius of 400yds., of which Leicester Square is the centre, more permanent places of amusement than are to be found within the same compass in any other capital or town in the world. The money invested in the building and the carrying on of those theatres amounts to enormous figures that cannot be approached by any rival city, even though the theatres in its outlying districts should be included in the list. At present the majority of those places are, to the passer-by, mere gloomy shadows standing in the midst of life, for their lights are all extinguished, their doors are closed, and neither poster nor portrait hangs outside to be read or admired by the saunterers of a summer's evening. The theatres in London are not, however, all as lifeless to the outsider as they would seem, for within many preparations are just now in full swing for the autumn season, and the stage entrances are busy with the coming and going of the various units that directly, or indirectly, have something to do with the putting on of a production.

At the Prince of Wales's, Miss Marie Tempest is daily occupied with the rehearsals of Messrs. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's dramatic version of the former's novel, "Simon Dale." To this work the title "English Nell" has been given, and all the parts in it have now been allotted. The play follows the novel very closely, but a few very slight changes have been made, with the object of strengthening some of the scenes, and making a couple of the characters stand out in greater relief.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST will, as I have before stated in this column, appear in the name part, and admirers of her vocal gifts will be glad to hear that she will have a song. Miss Lily Hanbury will make a very beautiful Barbara Quinton. The other ladies in the cast are Mrs. Sam Sothorn, Miss Maud Danks, and Miss Henrietta Leverett; whilst Mr. Frank Cooper, as Charles II., Mr. H. B. Warner, as the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Fuller Mellish, as Earl Carford, and Mr. Ben Webster, as Simon Dale, should all find scope for their dramatic talents. The play is in four acts, opening at the Park of Quinton Manor, in the summer of 1669. Act II., The Mall, St. James's Park. Act III., Scene 1, a gallery in Dover Castle. Here a most dramatic episode takes place on the discovery of the conspiracy against Charles. Scene 2 in this act is laid in an inn at

Canterbury. And Act IV. brings the story to an end in Nell Gwynne's house by the river at Chelsea, in the early summer of 1670.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has altered the title of his historical play from that of "The King of the Jews" to "Herod." When Mr. Beerbohm Tree secured the acting rights a few weeks back, it was known by the former title, but as some confusion appeared likely to arise in the public mind as to who might be meant, the simpler name of "Herod" has since been substituted. "Herod" is in no sense a religious play, nor is the central character of the drama to be confounded with that ruler of the Jews before whom the Saviour was brought for judgment. The scene of Mr. Phillips's story is laid immediately outside the walls of Jerusalem—where the whole action of the piece takes place—in the period immediately preceding the Christian Era, and Mr. Tree (who is said to be greatly struck by the possibilities of this poetical drama) may be relied upon to make the production worthy of the barbaric magnificence of the strange city, and of the singular interest that attaches to its history of nigh 2,000 years ago. There are only eight or nine parts in the play, but the number of auxiliaries will necessarily be very great. Mr. Tree will present "Herod" at Her Majesty's Theatre whenever the run of "Julius Cæsar"—the revival of which takes place about September 8th—shall have come to an end. In consequence of this change of plans, "Othello" must be put back until next year.

ON Monday next, the 20th inst., the rehearsals of "Self and Lady" will be begun at the Vaudeville, in preparation for its production at that theatre next month. Prior to the first performance in London it will probably be given one week at a provincial theatre, as is sometimes done with a new play, in order to get a smooth performance for the London critics, and to anticipate some, at least, of the changes that might be suggested at the end of a first night. Mr. Seymour Hicks and his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, have just come to town from the Isle of Mull, where they have been staying since their return from America. For the next three years or more the Vaudeville will be their theatrical home, where they will, under Mr. Charles Frohman's management, play the leading parts in all the plays to be presented at that house.

MISS EDNA MAY, who is at present fulfilling an engagement at the Winter Garden, Berlin, and drawing, it is said, a salary of £200 per week, has been, according to New York cables, secured by that ubiquitous manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, to create the leading part in a musical comedy that he intends produce in New York next December, and in London in the following April. This musical piece is by Messrs. Morton and Kerker, author and composer of "The Belle of New York," and as Miss Edna May has a great weakness for their work, ever since she made such a hit for herself and them at the Shaftesbury Theatre—a success, by the way, that was not repeated by their later piece, "An American Beauty"—it is just likely that the report may be correct.

VERY welcome indeed is the promise of a new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie. For many months a play by that clever author has been expected, but yet its coming appeared always to be far off, as no very definite statement with regard to it appeared. Now we can see the probability of its being produced at the Garrick Theatre in the autumn by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who intends to signalise his management of that house by producing Mr. Barrie's play. Mr. Bouchier's wife—Miss Violet Vanbrugh—now happily recovering from her illness, and possibly her sister—Miss Irene Vanbrugh—will be of the Garrick company, as also will Lord Rosslyn—or, to give him his *nom de théâtre*, Mr. James Erskine—who is safely home from Africa, prepared once more to play a part on a much more limited stage than Pretoria afforded him. PHÆBUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

GOATS, ANGORA AND THIBETAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

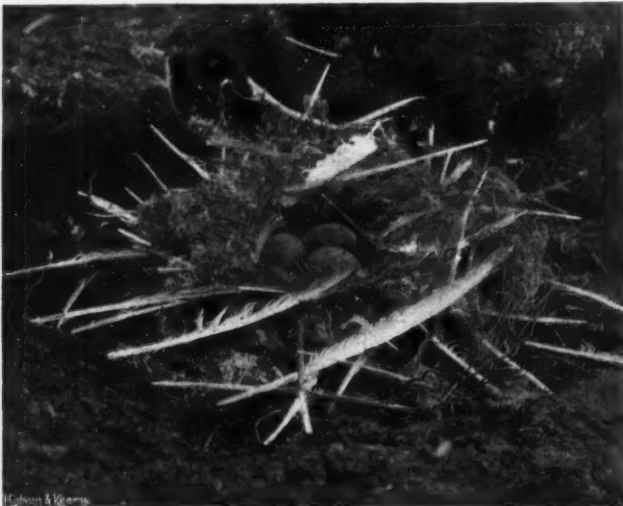
SIR,—Mr. Arturo Gomez taking your paper as a subscriber, and allowing me to read it, I take the liberty of requesting you kindly to inform me to which firm I ought to apply with a view of purchasing Angora and Thibet goats. I shall be glad, moreover, if you will be good enough to state the price at which the skins of these goats can be bought in London, stating at the same time whether you would be prepared to buy a few such skins for me. With anticipated thanks for the favour you will be doing me by a reply.—ANTONIO IZQUIERDO DE LA T., Spartaco No. 375, Bogota.

[The best authority on the subject of Angora goats is a book recently published, "The Angora Goat," by S. C. Cronwright Schreiner (Longman, 10s. 6d.). No doubt Mr. Cronwright Schreiner would give any information in his power. Skins of Thibetan lamb, not goat, can be obtained at Lampson's fur sales, usually in March. The price depends on the bidding.—ED.]

GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During my annual ramble in the northern islands of Orkney in May, I had numerous opportunities of watching the great black-back at home, and of inspecting and photographing many nests, of which the accompanying photograph shows one rather remarkable example, and gives one the idea that the bird might have had access to the Editor's office and helped himself largely to the grey goose quill. Of the six varieties of gulls which nest in the British Isles the great black-back is by far the most scarce, and, notwithstanding the fact that he has gained for himself a reputation which makes him hated alike by the game preserver and the shepherd, he still holds his own in many of the remote islands and isolated "holms" of Orkney and Shetland. With all his faults the great black-back is, when mature, a noble bird, certainly one of the most



beautiful of our sea-owl, and if in future years it becomes necessary to exterminate him for the better protection of those birds and animals which suffer from his predatory habits, many a weather-beaten island and rugged coast will be robbed of that bit of life which, standing out in bold contrast of black and white, or circling gracefully overhead, forms one of its greatest charms.—J. T. PROUD.

TOPPING BANKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I always peruse each week with much pleasure your very excellent paper, more especially that part devoted to horses. In your issue of June 30th there are some very good pictures of horses being schooled over banks, and in the letterpress description of the same I see it explains (as indeed you can see by the pictures themselves) that the horses "top" the banks in their jump. Now I am curious to know about how high these particular banks are in the pictures referred to. Our horses in this country, we consider, are pretty fair performers at the jumping game (and indeed their reputation in this respect is pretty high all over this continent), but I never saw one of them "top" a jump, and I have had considerable experience with the animal. Our country is practically impossible, in most places, for hunting over as the crow flies (or rather as the fox runs), as you do in Great Britain; and our hunting is, with the exception of the Montreal Hunt, all "herring," and the "run" is prepared beforehand. Otherwise we would have none at all. We have therefore no great variety of "leaps," as our Hibernian brothers would say; but it is no uncommon thing for horses to clear 6ft. and over in the jumping classes at our horse shows. The jumps on our steeplechase courses are usually banks, rails, or stone walls ranging from 3ft. to 4ft. in height. Pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable time, but I thought I would like to ask this question, and if you could find some way of answering it without much trouble I would be very much obliged.—C. SHANLY, Toronto, Canada.

[This is the kind of question which is best left to our readers.—ED.]

SPORTING DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article in your capital paper on the field trials held at Chatsworth. There is one remark in it which most readers who breed dogs, or have had anything to do with sporting dogs, cannot fail to notice. I refer to the paragraph where it comments on the size of the pointers and setters. All the dogs of that description sent up to Aldridge's can only be described as bits of things. I have not seen sold there lately a decent pointer or setter. In old days, when I shot with my uncle, the late Colonel Le S. Starkie, we saw dogs worth looking at, and that did good work. The grandest team he ever had was in 1884, and he had a moor up in Sutherlandshire; we killed there 3,000 brace, all over dogs. I have seen no team of dogs, latterly, where you could hope to do this. We also killed large bags over them at Strathavon, and a good bag at Kinrara. They were double the size of the present breed, grand gallopers, last all day, and with magnificent noses. It would be a pleasure to see some of them now knocking about. I have no doubt they would have been no good on the show bench, but in the field would be bad to beat anywhere. They had an infusion of foxhound blood, to counteract the small size which inbreeding leads to; and it looks to me as if it would be a good cross-out now on the present breed. The setter could do with a cross of collie, as you get the nose and tractability as well that way. The foxhound cross makes the pointer rather more inclined to be riotous, and he is liable to point mutton and also run it, and he also runs hares a good deal more than one likes; but with patience and a strong hand that is soon counteracted, as he is a free ranger, a good galloper, and still keeps a good nose, and is staunch on his points. Apologising for troubling you.—F. C. LE S. STARKIE.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your remarks on soaring contained in an illustrated article entitled "In the Regions of the Air," and published in your number of June 9th, I send you the following semi-popular explanation of soaring. It is admitted on all sides, that with very little waste birds can transform their relative velocity to the air into increased height above the earth proportionally to the square of such velocity—the exact relation being $h = \frac{v^2}{2g}$ where h is the height, v the velocity, and g the acceleration due to gravity. Now this is tantamount to saying that the air acts as an engine of good efficiency; if the efficiency were perfect, then the above-named change of relative velocity into height could be made without any waste at all. Such being the case, let us consider what may happen in still air when a bird has, by doing work, acquired a given velocity; it is important to remark that the velocity relatively to the air is the same as that relatively to the earth. Now what may happen is this: The bird by a suitable evolution, *i.e.*, by a proper set and trim of its wings, tail, and body generally, can shoot upwards and attain nearly to the same level as that from which he would by falling acquire the velocity he actually had—when this is done he cannot rise any higher without doing work. Consider now the other extreme—the bird still and a uniform horizontal breeze of the same velocity as the bird had before, and note that whereas in the first case the amount of available kinetic energy relatively to the earth was proportional to the mass of the bird— $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$, where m denotes the mass and v the velocity—it is now proportional to the whole mass of air in motion, practically unlimited, if it can be utilised for soaring. Now, inasmuch as the relative velocity of the bird to the air is the same as before, he can just, as before, rise to nearly the height $\frac{v^2}{2g}$ and then his available kinetic energy relatively to the air is exhausted, and consequently, according to one set of authorities, no continuous soaring in a horizontal breeze is possible. In this case, however, when the bird has risen to its maximum elevation, it has acquired a velocity relatively to the earth nearly equal to that of the air, and this velocity can be utilised for soaring, because the bird can, by a suitable evolution, change its direction without altering its magnitude and without doing any work, agreeably to the maxim that a purely deflecting force consumes no energy, or in kinematic, that a purely deflecting acceleration does not change the magnitude of the velocity. If this be correct, then after a suitable evolution the bird will be facing the wind at a height nearly equal to $\frac{v^2}{2g}$ with a velocity relatively to the wind of nearly $2v$; so that indefinite soaring should be easily possible even in a uniform horizontal breeze. That a breeze of increasing velocity, as we go upward, is still more favourable for soaring is obvious, for in this case, if the rate of increase were sufficient, *i.e.*, if $\frac{dv}{dh}$ be large enough, where dv denotes the elementary increment of velocity and dh the elementary increment of height, a bird facing the wind could rise to any desired height without doing any work, and without the need to perform any evolution; it would simply go up, kite fashion, with a certain drift to leeward. In conclusion, it should be observed that it is admitted by everyone that in flight the air offers very little head resistance, as is well shown by recovery of the falcon after an unsuccessful stoop.—HORATIO S. GREENOUGH, Paris.

P.S.—In spite of the somewhat technical character of my communication, I have preferred sending it to you, rather than to any of the more technical publications, because your readers are in my judgment more familiar with the actual observed facts, and amongst them must be many, such as Cambridge men and officers, who will fully understand the technical aspect of this matter.

A HORNET'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the beginnings of a hornet's nest. The tub was used in my garden to cover rhubarb, and was afterwards left standing upside down near the rhubarb bed. The opening between two of the staves by which the queen made her way in and out is seen on the right of the nest. This latter is suspended from the top of the tub. Unfortunately, before he had discovered what she was doing, the gardener knocked her majesty down, and either fatally injured her, or, at least, caused her to desert her nest. Otherwise it would have been interesting to watch the development of the structure, to remove the grubs, and to photograph it at a later stage. For the picture I have to thank Miss Clutterbuck of Hardenhuish Park.—A. B. MYNORS.

